THE MISSIONARY WEEKLY.

"SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."

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Missionary Field.

BY NEIL MCLEOD.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—It is establishment and extension at once. Mere extension without establishment is of doubtful advantage. The condition and future of every church is not assured till it has a house of its own. The work of the "Church Extension Fund" should commend itself to every disciple of our Lord, who came to set up a kingdom that should never be destroyed but that abides forever.

The Second Lord's-Day in January is the day appointed for a collection in all our churches for this Fund.

Let those who have "Homes" remember them that have none. Do not shut up your bowels of compassion against them. How many of our old, established churches are suffering from chronic moral and spiritual constipation! A good dose of "Church Extension" would greatly help and relieve them.

It may be disagreeable to take and painful in its operation, but the effect will be very salutary. Prepared by F. M. Rains. Trial package free. If you give it a fair trial once you will never do without again.

The contributions received from the churches last year amount to $7,027. Many made pledges running from one to five years aggregating over $20,000. Loans were made during the year to twelve churches. Many calls have to be refused from lack of funds. Loans have been returned from five churches, to be sent out again to help others.

Here is the way those brethren that are in the field, and know the needs of the works speak of it:

"Nothing is so sadly needed among us, as a people, as an Extension Fund. The churches ought to take a collection once, at least, in every year for this purpose. Hundreds of places need help to build houses of worship, but how can they get the help? Why, heretofore a man has been sent out by the church to beg it, and it is never intended to be used but for that one building; whereas, it ought to be loaned with the understanding that the borrowing—not begging—church will pay it back to build up some other places. Thus the money will be used again and again, but as heretofore given, it is only used once, and then not always wisely."—*B. F. Clay, State Evangelist of Kentucky.*

A CARD TO THE READER.—It is proposed that we greatly enlarge our Church Extension Fund during the year. The Fund now amounts to $11,000. Already 24 churches have been built through this agency, and $2,452.45 of the money used has returned to go again on its beneficent mission. There is no more important work for the Disciples of Christ than Church Extension. Examine it carefully, and lend a helping hand as the Lord has blessed you. We would be pleased to record your name as a special contributor to this Fund.

Do not forget, brother preacher, that you hold the confidential key to the pockets of those to whom you minister. They believe you when you present the Lord's work: they trust you when you ask them for an offering. You can do far more to interest them in this work than any secretary or agent. And by doing so you can save much time and expense and hasten a work that has too long been neglected by our churches. The success or failure of this cause is largely in the hands of our faithful preachers, to whom we must go in every good work. Is one sermon from each preacher during the year in behalf of this work too much to ask? Is there any more effective preaching than the preaching of Christian benevolence? Did any church die during 1888, in consequence of giving too freely to the Lord?

We must enlarge this work. There are thousands of disciples who cannot enjoy a religious home without the aid this Fund affords. Let Church Extension be a part of the work of your church during the year.

In behalf of thousands of houseless disciples in every part of the land, North, East, South and West, we ask you to lend a helping hand. May we not hear from you? Yours fraternally,

F. M. RAINS, SEC'Y.

Topeka, Kan.

Letter From Boston.

BY W. H. ROGERS.

THE WISDOM AND POWER OF THE LITTLE FOLKS.

It was Charles Sumner who suggested that if in the work of reformation we begin with the little ones we shall have the advantage of the long arm of the lever. A selfish civilization never did have much regard for children's rights, to say nothing about children's wishes. There is still some selfishness remaining in the civilization of the nineteenth century. It is a hard thing for a husband and wife who have children to get board at a hotel. Perhaps it is just as well that it is so, for a hotel is no place for children.

But the tenement house door does not swing open very readily for children either. Even this discrimination against those upon whom our Lord pronounced a special blessing may be turned to the children's account if it shall stimulate young parents to greater efforts in securing homes of their own. which is far better every way. The old home is a memory pleasant, profitable and precious. The right sort of a home is a child's holiest and happiest inheritance and the best part of a child's education. But the child which is shifted from tenement house to tenement house does not know the blessing of a real home. But if there is a tendency to ignore the children there is also a tendency to imperiousness on the part of children.

Themistocles said: "That boy rules the world." "How so?" 'twas asked. "That boy rules his mother, his mother rules me, I rule Athens and Athens rules the world," was the response. The story is an old one, but it is suggestive. The child in the cradle may be mightier than the king on his throne. There is a good deal of mischief in this world that is clearly traceable to the baby despots—to that dictatorship which becomes so strong in the cradle—that there is no relief from it until it is buried in the grave. Swaddling clothes are not unfrequently the insignia of the worst form of tyranny. But, on the other hand, little children not unfrequently rule in wisdom and for good. "A little child shall lead them." A child's prattle has convinced some minds and melted some hearts that have withstood man's greatest eloquence.

"Papa! why don't you be a Christian?" was the sermon of a little lad which subdued the hard heart of one man known to the writer, and to whom the writer had preached publicly and privately for many months in vain.

A bright little girl of my own parish came into my study one morning—a child of six summers and rather precocious, her head full of mysteries that puzzle the theologians. "I asked Mamma," she began, "why God let Satan be so bad to come and make us bad when we want to be good?" "Mamma couldn't tell me, and so I thought I would come and ask you," she continued.

Here is an honest, teachable, impressive soul—a plastic mind ready for the truth. to be moulded by the truth. I do not have such an audience every day, I said to myself, and am I equal to the responsibility? The little girl seemed to find satisfaction as I explained to her that Jesus Christ came to destroy the works of the devil, and if we will give ourselves to him he will not let Satan make us bad. It was a good time to tell her of Jesus' promise that Satan shall not be able to pluck us out of Jesus' hand, and that we shall not be tempted above what we are able to bear.

The same little girl had asked her father a few days before if we were all to be brothers and sisters in heaven. When her father said, "Yes," she responded: What! niggers and Indians to be our brothers and sisters, too? Who cannot understand the splendid opportunity here presented to explain every Scripture that bears upon the brotherhood of man, and that men come to be brothers by doing the will of God.

This little child had been heard to pray that her papa might never drag his feet into a rumhole, and for little ——, a playmate of hers, that he might not swear. She told her little playmate one day that if she wanted a Christmas present to just ask God for it and he would give it to her *sure*.

What wonder that Canon Kingsley should say: "I love God and little children?"

Another of the lambs in my flock had a struggle with herself about giving up her Christmas presents in the interest of little absent brothers and sisters. "I wish Lawrence could have some Christmas presents," she said. "Well, how much do you wish so?" said her Aunt. "Do you wish so enough to give up your Christmas presents for him?" "Well, I ought to," said Nellie, "but oh, dear! how can I? I *do* wish Lawrence could have some presents. He *ought* to have some. I *ought* to give up mine for him, but what will I say when my teacher and schoolmates ask me about my presents? Oh, dear!" The little girl threw herself upon the lounge, wrestled and thought and tossed a little while, and then with a sudden sigh of relief she exclaimed: "He may have them, I give mine up! There! I feel better now. How much better we feel when we do right, don't we, Auntie?" Her first great battle with selfishness was fought and a victory won. Here, then, are two little girls in very tender years, but already they are wrestling with the great truths of the Bible and with the practical duties of life that give shape to character and destiny. "I thank Thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Are not children wise? Are not children a power for good? Are they not a part of the ruling power on earth?

One of our lads, who was under the necessity of submitting to a surgical operation, in which he was etherized, as soon as the operation was performed, and he had rallied from the stupor, exclaimed: "Thank the Lord!" That was right. The first words upon our lips after any crisis has been passed should be words of praise to God, and a child has taught us the lesson. But gratitude should be expressed in life service as well as in lip service.

The story is told of a little girl who was possessed of a very quick temper which she very much regretted, but which she could not easily control. One day she asked her mother why it was that she had such a bad temper that was always getting the best of her. Her mother replied: "Oh, Susie, I suppose it is because you were born with a quick temper." "Well, mamma, when you saw that I had such a bad temper why didn't you born me again and start me right?" the girl replied.

Ah! here we see already the consciousness of the necessity for the new birth, a necessity which the gospel of the grace of God alone can meet. We may be glad that Jesus said: "Ye *must* be born again," for that implies that we *may* be born again.

To as many as receive Christ to them he gives power to become the sons of God, who are born not of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of the will of God. The seed of the new life—of the new creature—is the word of God. Under the brooding influence of the love of God, as manifested in the life and death of Jesus Christ, there comes a new creature—a new man. An old man can be born again as well as a youth. No reformation or culture or polish will meet the demand. The new birth is the supreme necessity which the gospel only can adequately meet.

I close this letter with the following poem entitled: "The Little Maidens," and written by one of our Swampscott girls when she was but nine years of age:

In the moorland by the river,
Where the little cottage stands,
Dwelleth there two little damsels—
They're the fairest in the land.

One with cheeks so bright and rosy,
And her eyes so bright and blue;
And they call her little Daisy—
She's the fairest of the two.

But the other's face is thoughtful,
Though her eyes are bright and blue,
And her cheeks are red like roses,
But they call her little Lou.

And of all the many duties
That these children like to do,
There is one they love most dearly—
'Tis to read the Bible true.

For they know it tells of Jesus
And his wondrous home on high;
And it leads them home to heaven,
So they keep their treasure nigh.

New York Letter.

BY B. B. TYLER.

The exceeding carelessness of churches in keeping their records is well illustrated by Plymouth church in the adjoining city of Brooklyn. Of the 2,500 names on the register as members of the church in good standing one thousand represent persons who are either non-residents or unknown. The actual membership according to this showing is, therefore, only 1,500. What per cent. of this number in a reasonably rigid enforcement of discipline ought to be dropped there is no means of knowing. But why count one thousand persons as members of a church who are not residents of the city in which the church is situated, or who are actually unknown? And I am persuaded that this manner of book-keeping is altogether too common in all churches. I open the last issue of the Year Book of the Disciples of Christ and I can see again and again similar misrepresentations of membership. Here is, for instance, a church reporting a membership of seven or eight hundred, when I know, and everybody else knows, who is at all acquainted with the facts in the case, that the actual active membership is not more than three hundred and fifty or four hundred. I have known a church to claim a membership of one thousand when there were only eighty persons regularly contributing to defray necessary current expenses. These things ought not so to be. Correct the register. Make the list of names on the church-book represent as near as possible the live, the real, membership of the church. A short time since I saw a list of seventeen churches, each of which had contributed $100 or more to the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. A few days since, in conversation with a Christian of much more than average intelligence, one of these churches was mentioned, and I was informed that it gave to the cause of missions in a single year $10,000! Christians ought not to exaggerate in that style. There is altogether too much of Fourth of July talk indulged in about what we have done and what our churches are doing. Let us endeavor to be loyal to the facts however unpleasant.

In the recent annual meeting of Plymouth church it was determined to discontinue the custom of disposing of the pews at public auction. The renting of the pews hereafter will be, as in the most of churches, a private transaction. This is a distinct gain. Dr. Talmage's church, so far as I know, is the only church in either Brooklyn or New York that still disposes of pews at public auction and to the highest bidder. The extensive mission work of Plymouth church will from this time forward be supported by voluntary subscriptions and free-will offerings. Dr. Abbott is giving entire satisfaction, I think, in the pulpit so long occupied by Mr. Beecher.

Mr. Holliday, who became assistant pastor of Plymouth church in 1869, left the church when Dr. Abbott was called. During his term of service he says that he conducted 2,000 funerals, held 6,000 religious services and made 30,000 pastoral visits. He is now seventy-six years old. Lately he accepted the pastorate of a mission church in Brooklyn, meeting in a store-room. Lots, however, have been purchased and a building fund will be raised as rapidly as possible, and a house of worship will be erected as soon as practicable.

A committee, or rather two committees, appointed by the last meetings of the Northern and Southern General Assemblies of the Presbyterian church, met a few days ago in this city to arrange a plan of co-operation in aggressive Christian work. There are, it is said, substantial and insurmountable obstacles to organic union, but it is hoped that some feasible plan of co-operation in work for the Master can be devised, and if this can be done it will be a long and an exceedingly important step in the direction of organic unity. Probably, after all, Christian union will be brought about by, first, an active participation in aggressive work for Christ; and, second, the open, visible and formal union of those who are most alike. Presbyterians of all varieties will unite. The various kinds of Methodists will, in the course of time, come together. The two dozen kinds of Baptists will abandon their several encampments and agree to live together as brethren. Then there may come a union of all Protestant Pedo-Baptists. After that the baptism question will come up for settlement. In some such way as this differences will disappear, barriers will be removed, unity will increase, and in the end the prayer of our Lord will be answered, when all who believe in Him will be one as he and the Father are one. Then the world will believe that the Father sent the Son to seek and to save the lost. The earth shall yet be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. The shout will yet be heard that the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Christ. Lord, hasten the time!

I saw a good thing a few days ago from Dr. Van Dyke, of the Brick Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue. He spoke of the complaint so common now that the masses do not attend religious services. A gentleman came to his study and said: "I wish that you could recommend a minister for our church." The Doctor said that he could recommend a dozen, and proceeded, at the request of his visitor, to name first one and then another. He suggested one man and the visitor said: "I understand that man has not a very strong voice." Another was named. "I understand that man wears a black cravat in the pulpit!" Another. "Well, I understand that man is not a good reader." Still another was named. "Well, I understand that man has a stiff and formal delivery." Finally the visitor said: "What we want in our church is a minister that will draw." "Oh, no," said Dr. Van Dyke, "not that, not that. What you want is a church that will hold! You have not got that. Twenty congregations have passed through your church in the last twenty years, and they have passed through because you have not had a church that will hold them. You want a church that will hold the people when they get into it. The minister cannot hold. Success depends not half so much on the minister as upon the church."

In the Old John Street Methodist Church, the oldest Methodist church in America, sometimes called "the cradle of American Methodism," inter-denominational special evangelistic services are held daily through the month of January at from three to four o'clock in the afternoon. Such well known preachers as Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Protestant Episcopal church; Bishop Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal church; Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Congregational church; Dr. A. F. Schauffler, of the Union Theological Seminary, (Presbyterian); Drs. Tiffany and King, of St. James and St. Andrews Methodist churches; Dr. Armitage, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church; Dr. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presbyterian church; Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church; Dr. Meredith, of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational church, (Brooklyn); and Dr. MacArthur, of Calvary Baptist church, speak to the people on successive afternoons. John Stout is in the neighborhood of Wall Street. The audiences are made up in a large part of business men. The meetings continue daily through the month of January. No preacher preaches twice. There is a new and strong man every day. It seems to me that this is a good plan and that the results must be highly beneficial.

Take a Religious Paper.

I wish that every family in my congregation could have a good religious paper in their home. No Christian family can AFFORD to be without it. It is one of the essentials of good, intelligent, vigorous discipleship. To be a broad-minded, philanthropic Christian one needs to be acquainted with the work of the church, and with religious movements throughout the world. Without such a medium of communication one is in danger of growing narrow-minded in regard to religious work, and is liable to lose interest even in the work of the local congregation. It is a rule, with few exceptions, that members of the church who take and *read* a good religious paper are the ones that stand close by the church and are most in sympathy with all branches of its work. They are constantly reminded that the cause of the Redeemer is world-wide, and are stimulated by the church's success in different parts of the world to live better lives and to make greater sacrifices for the conversion of the world to Christ.

The church of Christ is no small affair. To stand associated with prophets, apostles and evangelists; with angels and with martyrs in the great work of redeeming men is a high honor. Every soldier in the service of the King wants to know how the battle goes; he wants to see where the standard is planted, and to hear the shout of victory along the front lines.

Subscribe for a good representative weekly paper, brethren. No matter how many other papers you may have, you can't afford to be without one of your church papers. If you are compelled to give up any let the pure, sweet-spirited paper of your church be the very last. You can spare all others better than it.

Next to the Bible in the Christian home the religious paper wields an influence for good. It is a healthy instructor in all good things. It counteracts the pernicious influence of cheap, fictitious literature that is carried to your doors. It is one of the most effective helpers of the preacher.

When new members are added to my congregation I try to see to it that they have a substantially bound Bible, one that they can carry with them to church, and a good church paper. With these they do not need much pastoral care.

S. B. MOORE,
Danbury, Conn.

——The pulpit might afford to let the alien and impenitent sinner rest awhile from beholding the danger that awaits him and take a fair turn at the church member who won't pay his debts, won't touch the church wheel of salvation with his little finger, and who flatters himself that he is safe, whereas he is on the straight road to eternal condemnation.

Her Life.

She lived and labored midst the lowest things,
Walked at my side and talked, and oft did fill
The gracious hours that friendly twilight brings
With toil, naught questioning if good or ill
Were hers; soft lullabies she crooned at eve,
Like poppies' breath falling down tenderly
On infant eyelids that gay sports would leave
To nestle close and sleep upon her knee.
Her life was colorless and commonplace,
Devoid of poetry—I thought it so,
For I was blind, and could not see the grace
That grew through common duties; now I know,
Since she is gone from me and all her cares,
I entertained an angel unawares.
—*Zitella Cocke, in The American Magazine for November.*

The Last of the Old Defenders' Association.

DEAR MISSIONARY:—

On Monday morning, Dec. 17th, 1888, the last of the Old Defenders' Association of Baltimore passed to his rest. For seventy years he had been a Methodist, but six years ago was baptized by Bro. H. D. Clark, at the time pastor of the Paca Street Christian Church. The enclosed address was made at his funeral. On the supposition that it may interest your readers, I send it to you.

Very truly yours,
JAMES VERNON, JR.

James Chamberlain Morford was born Sept. 10th, 1795, at Long Green Valley, about fifteen miles from Baltimore. He was the eldest of eleven children, four of whom were sons and seven were daughters. When he was only two years of age his father emigrated to Kentucky. They went down the Ohio river passing on the way the place where Cincinnati now stands. At the time there were only three or four houses there. Three years later the family returned to Maryland, and Bro. Morford well remembered the journey on horseback and on foot of 700 miles through the almost unbroken wilderness lying between Kentucky and Maryland. He learned the business of his father, viz: Carriage and wagon making, and he worked at it with but brief and temporary intermissions all his life. He was married Jan'y 3rd, 1821, being then twenty six years of age. His wife was Elizabeth Fowler who was the niece of Captain Fowler, under whom he served in the Army of Defenders. Of this marriage were born six children—five daughters and one son. His first wife died in 1840, and he married Ruth Biddison. Of this marriage there were born two children, who died young. His second wife died October, 1873, since which time he has resided with his daughter.

The year 1812 found Europe in the throes and agonies of war. The chief actors in the tragedy were England under Wellington and France under the Great Napoleon. This country endeavored then as now to remain neutral in the conflict. She was absolutely prevented from doing so by the conduct of England. England insisted on three things which could never be conceded if this nation was to live.

First: "Once a British subject always a British subject." No matter about oaths or the naturalization laws of this country; all such things were null and void.

Second: Her right to take and impress for her ships of war any man who had had the ill fortune to be born on English soil; and this, too, no matter when, where or how she found him.

Third: Her right as a beligerant to search all neutral vessels.

Such a piece of tyrannical arrogance could not be tolerated if this nation was to survive. And so after making every possible effort for adjustment this country was compelled, as an act of self-defense, to declare war June 18th, 1812. The war was called by the New England Federalists "Mallison's War," though he was perhaps the most unwilling participant in it. The real movers in the uprising against England were Clay, Calhoun and Crawford. I am a Christian, and as such I am not an advocate for war of any kind. War needs no advocacy. Nations and men are swift enough to redress real or imaginary wrongs with naked steel. Aggressive warfare—for conquest, territory, etc., I regard as simply murder. For the mere professional butcher of men I have only feelings of shuddering and horror. But of war in self-defense I have a very different opinion. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." And I cannot understand the logic of those "peace-at-any-cost" advocates who grant the right of self-defense to the individual and deny it to the nation. I recall the famous words:

"Then out spake brave Horatius, the captain of the gate,
To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods."

I agree with Horatius and also with Campbell.

"Is he dead who falls in freedom's fight?
He's dead alone who lacks its light
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws;
What truly can ennoble fight?
A noble cause."

"Give that and welcome war to brace
Her drums and rend Heaven's reeking space,
The colors planted face to face, the charging cheer,
Though death's pale horse led in the chase,
Should still be dear."

Twice has this country, the land of my adoption, lifted up her hand against England, the land of my nativity. And as an adopted citizen of this country it gives me profound satisfaction to know that the daughter was in both cases right, and the mother in both cases wrong. The first struggle began at the spot where

* * "The embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

It ended when Washington broke the arm of Cornwallis in the entrenchments at Yorktown, October 19th, 1781. The other began thirty-one years later on the Canadian frontier, and ended when the rifle blast of Hickory Jackson shrivelled the standards of Packenham at New Orleans, Jan. 8th, 1815.

Only once since then has America fixed her eyes sternly on the motherland, viz, 1870; and as in former cases the daughter was right and the mother was wrong. And I do devoutly thank God that when America arose in that day a giantess, her brave heart throbbing under a corslet of iron, and her hands grasping the mightiest enquiry that ever forged the thunderbolts of war, she was as of old magnanimous enough to lay down her grievances at the feet of the civilized world and at the feet of heaven, saying, "The Lord judge between thee and me." For the first time in history the motherland hearkened, and at Geneva, Switzerland—

"There met beneath salutery flags,
The eagle of our mountain crags—
The lion of our mother land."

When the powerful navy of England made its descent upon our coasts in 1812, Baltimore was to have shared the fate of her sister cities. To pillage and burn an army came by land and a navy by sea. Simultaneous with the invasion came our country's call to arms.

"Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain torrents swift and cold,
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where quiet waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold."

"It seemed as if the earth again,
Grew quick with God's creating breath;
And from the homes of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of loyal-hearted men
To battle to the death."

And in the volunteers, who under the folds of the starry flag manned the guns at Fort McHenry, and who under the same flag at North Point, in obedience to the fierce, crisp order, "Give them the bayonet," sprang forward with cheers. The invaders met the worthy descendants of those who wintered with Washington at Valley Forge; braved the ice floods of the Delaware, and whose blood

* * "In winter's sternest fight
Sprinkled the Jersey snows."

Among those who thus responded to their country's call was James Chamberlain Morford, who was then nineteen years and two days old. The invaders evidently desired to delay their land attack until reinforcements should arrive by sea. The Defenders were determined that the struggle should begin there and at once. The commander called for eighty volunteers who should go forward to draw the invaders' fire and so ascertain their true position and strength. In that number stood the man who lies cold and silent before us to-day. His captain, a warm, personal friend, observing his danger said to him, "You had better go back you have got to fight now." The brave youth responded, (I give his own words as given to me two years ago), "Captain, I am out now and I am going to fight." You know the rest. Their brave hearts and stout arms kept our flag in Heaven on that never-to-be forgotten day. There, thank God!! it still flies; blue as the great sea and the trembling tenderness of the skies; white as the snow thrust by the last finger of the mountains against the stars; red as the heroic blood shed to make it all it is to-day.

"'Tis the star spangled banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Most fitting was it in our Municipal Executive to order that that banner which these patriotic hands had so long and so bravely borne aloft should be lowered in grateful recognition of his services and in honorable token of his memory. And so the last "Old Defender" has fallen.

"O good, gray head which all men knew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true;
How fallen at length that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew?"

This is a memorable and pathetic scene. The last of a family—a tribe—a race is a moving spectacle. But this is the last of a great host of a nation's patriotic defenders. This is the last stone in that rampart against which the tide of ruthless barbaric invasion beat in vain. Baltimore may forget what we say here to-day, but Baltimore will never forget what they did.

"No more the muffled drum shall beat
The soldiers' last tattoo,
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and gallant few."

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with ceaseless round
The bivouac of the dead."

And in that heaven where patriotism is honored as well as faith, let us believe that there has been e'en there an "Old Defenders" re-union; the circle completed last Monday morning, when the soul of James Chamberlain Morford, patriot as well as Christian, ascended to be "forever with the Lord."

Overdone.

BY I. A. THAYER.

There is no questioning the statement that many times in the past, and still, too frequently, the church has exalted creed above practice. Nor can it be denied that as frequently she has fawned upon the rich and powerful and frowned upon the poor and weak. We cannot deny that, even to-day, if Jesus should come into some churches he would disown them or be disowned. It is too true that the churches often neglect the very bad and strive chiefly for the respectable. It is too frequently the case that our stilled worship and its extravagant environments discourage the simple worshipper of the lowly Savior and turn him away.

A few years ago a great tide set in against this tendency; and when Charles Dickens added his mighty voice to the minds, that tide rose to fearful heights. It soon became the popular thing to denounce all churches, and sing the praises of dirt. The mild tirades, cynical, dogeral and vehement gush that has been given the world in the fair name of the poor, is something wonderful. The time has been, and is not altogether past, when, to be a popular preacher, drawing gaping crowds without a thought, and find a full column in the leading metropolitan daily, it were only necessary to drivel in this line. To denounce the old church, to stamp and swagger, to strike attitudes and vociferate, to get criticized and investigated and kicked out—this was to insure a martyr's crown, the applause of the rabble and the rabble's press, an opera-house for a church, honorary membership in a wine club and the fellowship of silly women and corrupt men. So often the popular evangelist seeks to draw a crowd by denouncing the every day, quiet, self-sacrificing Christians who give him an audience and pay his salary. He keeps himself on the bulletin board of the sensational press by extravagant speeches, slang talk, manufactured experiences, and general outrageous falseness. I say the tendency of some is in this direction, and it is fostered by the abnormal appetite of the masses and the agency of a too subservient press.

But leaving the mob, we shall find this tendency in more conservative circles. We are gravely told in quarterlies, reviews, monthlies, and from the platform, that the "Church of the future" must have more respect for the poor and neglected classes; must make its worship more simple, its houses plainer, its sermons more practical, its singing congregational, its creed less exacting. All of which has been greatly needed in the past, and in some instances is yet needed.

But I submit, this kind of thing has been greatly overdone. Much of it has degenerated into mere cant, and is the cloak which hides ungodliness, an excuse for the non-performance of duty. When these spoutings are traced home to their authors it will be found, in a majority of cases, that they originated with the class of broad humanitarians who never do anything for neglected classes, send missionaries nowhere, found no charities, build no missions, do absolutely nothing but write sentimental essays for big pay, visit art shows on complimentary tickets, and breathe the fragrance of milady's conservatory. Their broad "church of the future" grows just as fast as these empty heads multiply, which is mercifully slow, while the old evangelical churches are doing the Christ-work of the world.

It is high time this fashionable tirade received a check. It is not true that any great portion of our churches repel the well-disposed poor man or make it hard for the sinner to come to God. It is not true that they exalt creed above life. It is not true that the average sermon is not practical. Nor is it true that the church as a whole is greatly neglecting the masses. There never was a time in history when more was done for the poor and sinful than is being done this day. There never was a body of men and women in the ages so thoroughly organized for reaching every man and ministering to him the bread of life, or that so faithfully worked that organization. If some of the critics of the church would come down and enter the rooms of our working church committees, attend the meetings of our officers, look over the work outlined by the belittled pastor, or accompany him in his pilgrimages up garrets and down cellars, or watch the pastoral helpers as they go everywhere inviting all to worship; in short, if they knew something about the institutions and people that they criticise, they would do less injustice to themselves and the world.

With all her faults, the church is more than ever the light of the world and the salt of the earth. The hope of the world is in her, and more than ever the poor have the gospel preached to them.

Church Discipline. No. III.

BY CHAS. S. LONG.

Matt. xviii: 15–17: "Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he shall not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them tell it unto the church, but if he neglect to hear the church *let him be unto thee as a heathen man and as a publican.*"

I Cor. v: 1–7: "It is reported commonly that there is fornication among you, and such fornication as is not so much as named among the Gentiles, that one should have his father's wife. And ye are puffed up, and have not rather mourned, that he that hath done this deed *might be taken away from among you.* For I, verily, as absent in body, but present in spirit, have judged already, as though I were present, concerning him that hath so done this deed. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, where ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Your glorying is not good. Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? *Purge out, therefore, the old leaven* that ye may be a new lump as ye are unleavened."

Rom. xvi: 17: "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause *divisions* and *offenses* contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned and avoid them."

Titus iii: 10: "A man who is a *heretic* after the first and second admonition reject."

Eph. v: 11: "And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

In the foregoing Scripture three distinct classes of disorderly members are mentioned: 1. Those who have sinned or trespassed against another individual member. 2. Those guilty of notorious immorality. 3. *Heretics*—not those who entertain erroneous opinions in matters of doctrine, but those which promote divisions and unholy strifes. We are told what is to be done in each of these cases if the disorderly person remains incorrigible. 1. He who has sinned against his brother and refuses to be reclaimed is to be unto him "*as a heathen man and a publican.*" 2. The immoral man is to be *taken away from among them; the old leaven is to be purged out.* 3. The heretic, or the one who "causes divisions and offenses" is to be "*rejected*" and avoided. And finally we have the sweeping charge to "*have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.*"

It is difficult to see what more could be desired in the way of instruction. When members of the church become disorderly—sin against their brethren—become notoriously immoral and irreligious, or cause and promote strife, divisions, or otherwise fail to live according to the gospel, it is high time for the exercise of discipline, and the taking out from us of the unruly members who refuse to be reclaimed. The person who commits any of these sins is lost unless he repents and abandons them, and if the disorderly member is utterly incorrigible; if his heart refuses to melt in view of the love of God and the mediation of Christ, or the affectionate and tender appeals of God's children, there should then be no hesitation in "purging out the old leaven." Indeed, there can be no hesitation with those who respect the authority of God's word. This duty is as clearly, as distinctly and as emphatically enjoined as any other one named in all the Holy Scriptures. Are we not required to believe in and confess our faith in Christ, repent of our sins and be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus; to not forsake the assembling of ourselves together; to pray and give thanks in the name of Christ; to live soberly, righteously and godly? And yet not one of these is more clearly taught than the duty of putting away from among us those who walk disorderly.

"Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which ye received of us." II Thes. 3: 6. He who refuses to obey this command is himself *walking disorderly.* He sets at naught and bids defiance to the law of Christ. By what right shall fallible man nulify and repudiate the law of the great King? Is he wiser than Christ? Does he better know what is for the best interest of the spiritual kingdom? Who invested him with the authority to trample under foot the enactments of the King of all kingdoms?

Third. By whom should offenders be disciplined? The work of discipline properly belongs to the elders. They are the overseers of the church—the undershepherds of the flock, and as such they must give account to God. The common idea is that it should be done by the church or congregation as a whole. If the congregation, and not the elders, are to determine what is to be tolerated they may do as seems best in their own judgment. There could be no exclusion for gambling, drunkenness, theft, and the like, if that class should be in the majority in the congregation. Whether the righteous ruled or the unrighteous would depend upon which had the majority. As well might the offenders against the laws of the land sit in judgment in their own case as to have the offenders in the church deciding as to what is the law of Christ. Elders, who have any respect for themselves or the word of God, would refuse to hold the position in any such church. Bro. McGarvey says: "The most disagreeable task imposed on the *elders* of the church is that of properly dealing with members who need admonition; and the most painful duty of both the church and its elders is withdrawal from the incorrigible. As in all cases of disagreeable duties the ingenuity of men has been employed to find excuses for neglecting it."

Discipline is not a matter of feeling or choice, but of *duty*, and the elders, as the spiritual guides of the flock, are to determine what the law demands, and execute it. Unless they do this they are not overseers in the Scriptural import of the term.

RONCEVERTE, W. VA.

Words of Comfort.

He is able; He is willing; He is ready. Settle these three things in your heart. Go over them again and again, putting down doubts, and looking steadily at the Lamb of God. Believe that He will save you. This you must do. The woman came, saying, "If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole." It was this faith that saved her. Not believing that she was made whole before she was, which would be believing what was not true; or believing that she was made whole after she was, which would not be faith making her whole, but healing giving her faith. No, no. It is very simple. Her faith was this: If I touch, I shall be made whole. This she had before she felt any change in herself; it was naked trust in Christ, sheer confidence in his virtue and power and love. It led her to touch, it brought the healing; for it is this firm trust in his saving mercy which the Savior is pleased to honor.—*William Arthur.*

"Believe and trust. Through stars and suns,
Through all occasions and events,
His wise paternal purpose runs;
The darkness of His providence
Is star-lit with benign intents."

O joy supreme! I know the Voice
Like none beside on earth or sea.
Yes, more, O soul of mine rejoice,
By all that He requires of me,
I know what God Himself must be.

No picture to my aid I call,
I shape no image in my prayer;
I only know in Him is all
Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,
Eternal goodness here and there!
I know He is, and what He is,
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all. I rest my soul on His
Immortal love and Fatherhood;
And trust Him as His children should.
—*John G. Whittier.*

Nearer and Dearer.

Nearer and dearer are the blessed dead
Than we are wont to think,
When with farewells and tears we bow the head
Beside that solemn brink.

Tell me, thou child of grief—canst thou not see
With clearer eyes than then?
Tell me if love—thy love—can ever be
A thing of earth again?

Oh, eyes that God hath cleansed with sacred tears!
Oh, hearts by sorrow tuned!
Ye see and love as never all those years
While ye with flesh communed.

And are they not, then, nearer whom we see
With eyes no longer blind?
And is not love the sweeter, if it be
Of an immortal kind?

Oh comforting, sweet thought—that, though we stand
On death divided shores,
Love still can stretch to us its angel hand,
And lay its heart on ours!
—*James Buckham.*

The Harp.

BY HOSEA G. BLAKE.

In the stormy days that marked the reign
Of the iron monarch, Charlemagne,
When, wheresoe'er the traveller went
Over the war-worn continent,
A lofty castle with stony frown
From every commanding hill looked down;
At that time of terror, a Christian knight,
Across the valley from height to height
Stretched a cord of iron, a mighty wire
Anvil-hammered and tried with fire.
He hoped, he said, that the gentle hand
Of summer winds in the iron strand
Would make a music diviner, higher,
Than the sounds of warfare that filled the land.

Over the wire the breezes swept,
But the soul of music within it slept;
It felt the north wind's fiercer stroke,
But still the touch no answer woke,
No throbbing sweetness the silence broke.
Loud the people laughed, and said:
"This is no harp, but a wire instead;
And he who made it, how little he knows!"

But once at midnight a storm arose.
As the terrible rush of the angry blast
By turret and tower swept hurrying past,
The harp awoke! and above the beat
Of the roaring tempest, sublimely sweet,
The sound of its music swelled and rose,
Till the people cried in the valley below:
"Surely the trumpets of angels blow;
The skies above us are tempest-riven,
For we hear the song of the saved in Heaven!"

. . . . . .

O'er harp string or heart-string the storm must break
Before its divinest notes awake;
Not gentle breezes, but winds that smite,
Not the zephyr's breath, but the whirlwind's might,
Not joy, but chastening, strikes the tone
Sweet as the notes the ransomed raise,
Who lift forever their songs of praise
Through the spaces around the Throne!
—*S. S. Times.*

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The Family Circle.

January.

O the beginnings of things!
Bright little springs in the mountains,
From which great rivers down flow;
The first pale pink of the roses;
The first white fall of the snow;
Babies, the beautiful darlings,
Dimpled and winsome and dear;
The glow of the sky in the morning,
And the first new days of the year.

I love the beginnings of things!
For then few feel stronger and braver;
More ready to climb and to try;
The old day of blunders is over,
The time for mistakes is gone by,
And some how or other the future
Is fuller of light and of cheer,
When a little maid peeps at the world,
Through the first new days of the year!

—*Wide Awake.*

Dick's Lesson.

BY MINNIE E. KENNY.

"Yes, you can have it for twenty dollars. It's worth more than that, but I'm tired of it, and I can get something I want a good deal more than the bicycle with that money."

Dick looked longingly at the well-worn bicycle. He had wanted a bicycle more than anything else in the whole wide world, and he had only just made up his mind that it was wholly out of the question to hope for one, when Fred Davison made him this tempting offer.

"How long will you keep that offer open for me?" he asked, as he put his hand on the saddle with a caressing touch.

"Well, I'll give an hour to make up your mind in," answered Fred, who was shrewd enough to foresee that limited time would probably make Dick more likely to decide in favor of the bicycle than if he had a longer opportunity in which to think the matter over.

"I've got some errands to do for mother, and then I'll stop and let you know what I think about taking it, on my way back," answered Dick. "Just my size, isn't it?" and he vaulted into the saddle and rode a little distance.

That trial decided him then and there, although he would not admit it even to himself. Bicycles had occupied the greater share of his thoughts ever since a bicycle club had been organized in the little town, and it had really been very hard for him to see his companions enjoying a pleasure in which he could not share, because he had no wheel.

"I never thought I should get such a bargain as this!" he said to himself exultantly, as he went down the street, whistling as blithely as any blackbird. "I must have it, but where shall I get the money.

That was a serious question, and one that must be answered before he could decide upon the bicycle. He knew that it would not be of the least use to ask his mother for it, for, loving and indulgent as she was to her only child, she had a hard struggle to earn enough by teaching music to keep him at school and buy his clothes and books. How then could he get it?

Twenty dollars was a very small sum to pay for a bicycle, but it was a very large sum to a boy who had not a penny in his pocket. As he thrust his hands into his pocket to convince himself that he was indeed penniless he found a well-filled purse that he had forgotten about for the moment, and he drew it out with a little start of surprise.

At the last meeting of the school literary society to which he belonged he had been elected treasurer, and the balance of funds from the preceding year had been handed over to him. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents! It was tantalizing to have so much money in his possession and yet not be able to purchase the coveted bicycle.

Suddenly a thought came to him that made his face flush with excitement, and his heart beat with great throbs. Why not use this money to purchase the bicycle, and then he could replace it before it would be needed for any of the society expenses. He had six months before him in which to replace the money, and surely he could find plenty of ways in which to earn that sum in half a year.

"Somehow, I feel as if it was stealing; but, of course, it isn't, for I am going to pay back every cent of it. I'm only borrowing it," he said to himself as he felt an uncomfortable consciousness of wrong-doing when he determined to use the society's funds.

"It would be foolish not to use it when the bicycle is such a bargain, and the money isn't needed for anything."

Dick quieted his conscience by these assurances, and opening the purse, counted out twenty dollars, and wrapped it up in a piece of paper. "I wouldn't care to have Fred know where the money comes from," he said to himself.

"Well?" interrogated Fred, as Dick came back from his errands.

"Well, I'm going to take your bicycle, old fellow; so trot it out, and I'll hand over your money."

"It must be cash down," said Fred, who had the reputation of being hard to deal with in mercantile transactions among his school-fellows.

"Of course it will be cash down," answered Dick, handing over the handful of silver and bills with a lordly air of indifference. "Who wants to make two or three payments of such a small amount?"

"You must be a nabob," said Fred, as he counted the money, wondering where Dick managed to get it. "It's all right, so take your bicycle."

Dick needed no second invitation, and disposing of his small parcels in various pockets, he vaulted into the saddle, and was soon speeding down the smooth street, scarcely able to believe that he really possessed the desire of his heart at last.

What should he tell his mother? He knew that she would not approve of using funds that had been entrusted to him, and yet she would naturally want to know how he got the bicycle. He rode more slowly as he pondered this question.

"I'll tell her I'm going to work it out," he decided at last, "and that will be the truth, too, for I do have to work for the money to replace the twenty dollars."

As he anticipated, his mother was quite satisfied with this explanation, and delighted that he at last owned an bicycle for which he had been longing, but Dick felt conscious-stricken at his deceit when he heard her loving words of congratulation.

In the delight of his new possession he soon got over the uneasy feeling that he had felt at first, and enjoyed his bicycle to the utmost.

Now and then he remembered that the days were speeding away into weeks, and still he had not begun to earn the money which must be replaced, but six months seemed a long time, and he contented himself with hoping that some way in which he could make some money would present itself.

Occasionally he had a chance to earn a little, but his savings accumulated slowly, and at the end of four months he had only three dollars in the little box in his bureau-drawer.

He began at length to be seriously uneasy and to wonder how he could possibly earn the other seventeen dollars in the short time remaining to him.

"I say, Dick, you're just the boy we want to see," shouted one of his school-mates as he made his appearance at school one morning. "Come over here in a corner of the playground. We're having an impromptu meeting of the Literary here."

"What's up?" asked Dick, as he obeyed the summons.

"Why, we've just found out that old Preston is going to be married, and, considering the good send-off he gave us when we organized our society, and all he's done for it, we think it would be the correct thing to draw about twenty-five dollars from our funds and give him a handsome present. All the rest of us are in for it, so what do you say?"

All at once Dick's heart seemed to stop beating, and everything swam before his eyes. What would the boys say if they knew he had used twenty dollars out of the treasury?

"Hello! old man. Seen a ghost, what is the matter with you?" queried one of the boys, giving him a rough but not unkindly shake.

Dick recovered himself by a violent effort.

"I don't feel good this morning," he said rather feebly. "Yes, it would be nice to get Mr. Preston a present. When are you going to get it?"

"Next Saturday we'll delegate two of the boys to go to the city and pick out something," answered Harry. "There goes the school-bell, I'll tell you more afterward," and the boys trooped into the school-room.

The hours of the morning session seemed like an eternity of misery to Dick. He could not force his mind to attend to his lessons, and failed utterly in all his recitations.

Finally Mr. Preston called him to the desk.

"What is the matter with you this morning, my boy?" he asked kindly. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Dick, unable to lift his face and meet the keen, searching glance of the master's gray eyes.

"Then I will excuse you for the day, for there is no use in remaining when you are not prepared for recitations."

Dick gladly availed himself of the permission to leave the school-room, and gathering up his books he went homeward at a gait very different from his usual brisk step.

How could he escape this terrible disgrace which seemed so imminent? How could he possibly replace the sum he had appropriated by Saturday morning? He thought and thought until he grew fairly sick with despair. The headache which he pleaded as an excuse for not coming to his dinner was not an imaginary one, and at last he had to give up all efforts at thought, his head throbbed so painfully. His mother's loving touch as she bathed his forehead with gentle hands, only increased his remorse. His disgrace would not fall upon himself alone, but upon his mother, and he could not bear the thought of bringing sorrow upon her.

But it did not take a mother's loving intuition long to discover that something more than a headache was troubling Dick, and almost before he knew it she had drawn the whole story from him.

"Oh, Dick!"

That was all she said, but as the boy looked up and saw the pain in her face, and the tears quivering in her eyes, he knew that whatever disgrace and blame might await him, the keenest part of his punishment was to know that he had caused his mother this sorrow.

"Mother, I'm so sorry," he moaned, hiding his face in the pillow.

The loving arms drew him back to his resting place on his mother's shoulder, as she said:

"It is not the loss of the money, Dick, but to think that my boy could be dishonest."

Dick started as if an arrow had pierced him.

"Not dishonest, mother," he cried. "I meant to put it back again."

"That is not the question, dear. You took money that did not belong to you. You used trust funds that were put in your care, and that is the wrong-doing, whether you replace the money or not. That is just where the first step is taken in the path that leads to dishonor. You blamed that man we read about in the paper the other day who defaulted, but do you think that he began his career of dishonesty with the settled determination to steal? For more probably he was tempted as you were, to appropriate a little money for his own use, intending to replace it, and failing, as you did, he took more and more money to cover up his previous sins. Now, dear, I must and will procure the money for you to make good the sum you took, and I want you to promise me most solemnly that with God's help you will never again use a cent of money that is entrusted to your care."

"I promise you, mother," answered Dick, feeling sure that the remembrance of this bitter experience would always stand between him and temptation.

He grieved over the sacrifice of a valued possession that his mother sold to save him from the disgrace, and he shut his bicycle up in the wood-shed, determined not to ride it again until he had earned enough money to repay his mother.

It was a severe lesson, but it was worth all the suffering it cost, for he learned that a trust fund is a sacred thing, not to be appropriated to other uses.

If every boy in this wide land could be persuaded to learn this same truth without a painful experience to teach it to them, how much of sorrow and dishonor might be spared.—*New York Observer.*

Farm & Household.

Garden Calendar for Jan.

This is the month for making plans for the year's operations. Very little work can be done in the garden, beyond securing a supply of manure and preparing the same to make hot-beds next month, getting poles, brush and sticks for beans, peas, and tomatoes, and cleaning up the garden.

The following cheap and simple method has been found very satisfactory in solving the troublesome problem—how to secure fresh air in a room without exposing the inmates to draughts. Nail or screw a neat strip of wood—from one to two inches wide—upon the window-sill just inside the sash and extending across the window. Upon the top of the strip fasten a piece of "weather-strip," so that there will be formed an air-tight joint between the weather-strip and the lower sash of the window, whether the latter is closed or raised an inch or two, the lower cross-piece of the sash sliding on the rubber of the weather-strip as the sash rises. With this fixture the lower sash may be raised enough to admit air between the lower and upper sashes without admitting the least air at the bottom of the window. The air thus entering is thrown upward and has its "chill taken off" before descending upon the heads of the occupants of the room.

Remedies for burns are many, and it is well that this is so, for if one is not at hand another may be. Vaseline, linseed or sweet oil, or warm mutton tallow are applied to the burn, or powdered corn starch or wheat flour dusted over, and soft linen or cotton cloth wrapped around. Air must be kept from a burn, and the oil and flour do this as well as form a healing salve. One part carbolic acid to eight parts olive oil is said to be one of the best of remedies for burns and scalds. Linen rags are saturated with the lotion; they are then spread smoothly over the burned part and covered with oil silk or gutta-percha tissue to exclude the air.

How to Keep Garden Seeds.—One who has had experience in the matter advises that in storing away garden seeds they should be placed in woolen bags, with a piece of gum camphor in each bag, and also to dust the seeds with insect powder. These methods will protect the seeds against insects, which destroy many kinds, such as peas, beans, etc. All seeds should be kept in a dry place, and an examination of them should be made several times during the winter.

Wheat Muffins. *No. 1.*—Two cups wheat meal, one cup of flour, two cups of cold water, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg.

No. 2.—Two cups wheat meal, one cup of flour, one cup of milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, a little salt, one teaspoonful soda two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar.

Sugar Cookies.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, five cups of flour. Mix the sugar and butter together, add eggs, beaten, then the milk with the soda dissolved in it. Add one cup of flour with the cream of tartar mixed. Then add flavoring—nutmeg, lemon or vanilla—and the other four cups of flour. Roll out with as little flour as possible.

Oyster Salad (*for evening company*).—One pint of celery, one quart of oysters, one-third of a cup of salad-dressing, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of melted butter, half-a-teaspoonful of salt, a little black pepper, a tablepoonful of lemon juice. Let the oysters come to a scalding heat, and skim them. Take them from the fire, and season with butter, pepper, salt and other ingredients. When cool, put them on ice. Just before serving, drain the celery and chop it—not fine—and mix with the oysters. Then pour over a pint of salad-dressing.—*Emily Munroe.*

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Anxiety an Enemy of Faith and Joy.

Anxiety is a great evil. It is a sin and yet very common even with good people. It is an enemy of faith and a sign of distrust. We remember how trust was prized by Jesus and how doubt often hindered his mighty and merciful works. It is good to take an inventory of the promises and see how unfounded are all our fears. The injury wrought upon one's spiritual growth by doubt is like that caused by frost upon growing vegetation. It is always damaging and sometimes fatal. The habit of looking on the dark sides of things, of anticipating danger, of borrowing trouble, is *unchristian*. The spirit of Christianity is the spirit of good cheer. On the waves of every sorrow and every trial the Lord comes to his own, as he came to the sea-tossed disciples on Galilee, with the assurance "Be of good cheer. It is I, be not afraid." He comes, also, with reproof to the doubting and anxious: "Oh fools and slow of heart to believe." The law of life in Jesus Christ is: "According to thy faith be it unto thee." It was the faith of the disciples which the Master sought to strengthen. Then after their faith he endeavored to develop more and more their love. It is clear upon reading the New Testament that without faith it is impossible to please God or to obtain the rich treasures of his grace. And unless faith possesses the soul, anxiety, the offspring of doubt, bars the door against faith, puts out the light of hope and leaves the Savior to knock in vain for entrance. The Sermon on the Mount, especially the last ten verses of the sixth chapter of Matthew, contains the law of Christ, so far as faith is concerned. It teaches that God who clothes the lilies and feeds the sparrows will much more clothe and feed those who first seek the kingdom and righteousness of God.

He commands his disciples to take no anxious thought for the morrow. God knows what men need and will not fail to supply it on the one condition named—that they seek his kingdom. Alas, how limping is the average faith. Anxiety ploughs furrows in the brow, dulls the brightness of the eye, fills heart and home with gloom and transforms the dulcet voice of cheer, gladness and praise into solemn and piteous plaint.

The gospel of Christ is always "glad tidings" to faith. "The Lord hath risen, indeed." Heaven is opened. God the Creator, and loving Father will supply all our needs if we commit our way unto him and trust him as happy children. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." What is the purpose of that verse of Scripture if not to give assurance full and strong to the children of God? More study of God's Word, more communion with saints of history and with living saints will dispel gaunt fear and drive away anxiety.

A lugubrious, complaining Christian cannot obey the command: "Let your light shine." How often do farmers fancy, if the price of their produce goes down, or the water or drought or frost damages their crops that all things are against them. How often are housekeepers, like Martha, anxious and full of care about serving. How often do men and women in the sickness and death of friends feel like saying, "If Jesus had been here our beloved had not died;" without faith enough to utter the remaining clause: "But I know that, *even now*, whatsoever thou will ask of God, God will give it thee.

As Christians we *cannot* murmur and complain without dishonor to Christ and an offense unto the blessed Spirit of adoption. A gloomy look, sighing, distressful words and the intonations of voice common to mendicants are not in harmony with the hope of glory, guaranteed in Christ; not in harmony with the "Be-not-afraid" of the Gospel; not in harmony with the character of the "light" and the "salt" named in the Sermon on the Mount; not in keeping with that inspiring experience and exhortation of the Psalmist: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance."

God loveth not only a willing, but a "cheerful" giver—one who goes about his work singing and making melody in his heart. Beloved, let us see if we cannot carry more radiance in the face, more sweetness and gladness in the voice and exercise much more the spirit of helpfulness and Christ-like beneficence during 1889.

Educated Preachers.

The *Apostolic Guide* uses an editorial note of ours on ministerial education as the text for a first-class editorial. The *Guide* says truly that every young man who contemplates entering the ministry should compass the best and fullest education within his power, and asks what right a man has to foist upon the ministry his crudity and ignorance. Benjamin Franklin, who did so much for the current reformation, is quoted as saying.

"But, perhaps, I am referred to some few men who have arisen to greatness and usefulness without a college education. It is true, the world has produced a few such; but in place of their boasting of never having been to college, they *lament it* as a great advantage of which they have been deprived. Not only so, but no one is able to tell what such men might have been and done, had they not been deprived of this advantage."

B. W. Stone, speaking of his course of study at Guilford Academy, North Carolina, is, also, quoted as follows:

"With the ardor of Æneas' son, I commenced with the full purpose to acquire an education or die in the attempt. With such a mind, every *obstable can be surmounted in the affairs of life.* I stripped myself of every hindrance for the course, denied myself of strong food, living chiefly on milk and vegetables, and allowing myself but six or seven hours in the twenty-four for sleep. By such indefatigable application to study, as might have been expected, I passed several classes, until I came up with one of equal application, with which I continued through the whole of our academic course. * * * The study of the dead languages and of the sciences was not irksome, but pleasant, from the consideration that I was engaged in them for the glory of God, to whom I have unreservedly devoted my all."

Walter Scott and Alexander Campbell were thoroughly educated. If they, and such other men as gave an impetus to the plea for the restoration of pure New Testament Christianity, had not been educated the movement would never have gained its present momentum and progress. An ignorant superficial ministry is not only a hinderance, but a positive danger to truth. Let the call go up strong and long from every quarter for men well-trained in mind as well as heart to wield "the sword of the Spirit." Those who by dint of hard and irksome labor have acquired knowledge outside the college will join the chorus heartily. Let the ministry of Christ be educated thoroughly for this important work.

Editorial Notes.

——At this season we get many a spicy note along with a remittance. We are glad to know what our readers are thinking. One says: "Owing to the neglect of study some of our church elders are repeating the same short thanks and prayers which they have said for something less than a hundred years. The Sunday-school children know these by heart and say they are so stale why not improve on them a little." We say so, too. Get them to read a first class religious paper.

——"An intelligent brother writes: Please give us a strong article on church discipline and the result of inefficient officers and how to study the Testament of our Savior." Perhaps our correspondent knows better than we do "the result of inefficient officers." Bro. Long has an article in this paper on discipline. We will bear in mind the request, and do our best to grant it.

——A. B. Chandler, Esq., of Bowling Green; Va., says there are two hinderances in the way of success in the churches? One is in the pulpit and one in the pews. The first is that two many men not qualified insist on preaching and the second is that the saints in the pews want a better quality of preaching than they are willing to pay for. These words of an observant and zealous layman will do to think over. The two evils can be and ought to be speedily remedied.

——One brother, a successful business man of wide influence, thinks the fact that church members make pledges to build a house of worship, or for any benevolent enterprise, and then pay no attention to them is one of the crying sins of the age. So it is, and there is another that is father to it. The other is that elders and deacons do not push systematically the collection of those pledges, like any business man would collect his bills. Pledges often remain unpaid simply because not called for. Moreover, the dear brethren who teach the people ought to show the dishonor of repudiating a pledge.

——Is it not an unfair thing for one member of a church to withhold his pecuniary contributions, thus forcing others to do more than their share? Should not the church see that burdens are equitably imposed and borne? Ought Christians to be sensitive, squeamish and easily offended because expected and required to do their duty? When a church member votes to employ a preacher and then looks upon his contributions to his "support as a free gift," instead of a legitimate obligation or debt, he needs instruction or religion, possibly both. The business of the church should be as pure, straightforward and fair as any other business, if not more so. "Not slothful in business" is a command of God very much to be commended among the churches. Church elders and deacons are very much to blame for not instructing their brethren theoretically and practically, in paying their church debts. When shall we be delivered from the curse of slipshod, and childish conduct in the Lord's business. Is it because God doesn't know or doesn't care how his work is performed or neglected or abused? Let elders and deacons take the matter in hand and make the management of the church's finances honorable and praiseworthy. The Lord will be with them. A good spirit and good sense and a courage that fears only God—these are the qualities necessary to succeed.

Isaac Errett.

Sometimes it is given to the disciple to possess in an eminent degree the largeness and fulness of character which was possessed without measure by the Master. Such a disciple was Isaac Errett. He was so large a man that the thoughts and feelings of many and various minds were met and answered in him.

Was one devoted to the simple word of truth? Where would he find an abler, a more reverent or a sounder expositor of this word than he? Did one pride himself in being one of the people, appreciating practical and helpful thought put in homely and yet felicitous phrase? Errett was a man after his own heart. Few men keep closer to the thought and heart of the people than did he. Or if one aspired to be scholarly and discriminating, if he had a taste for literature and a love of culture he might still find in this man a fellow and a friend. He was a man of learning as well as a man of thought. If one was of a devout and spiritual mind, loving to look on the contemplative side of life, he could find a closely kindred spirit in Isaac Errett, who, without the slightest tendency to cant or the slightest patience with it, was a genuinely devout soul. Some of his published prayers and meditations are as truly devout in spirit as they are simple and beautiful in style. If one took a sunny, cheery view of life, delighting in innocent humor and manly mirth, here again Bro. Errett's heart was with him. There was a sort of boyish exuberance of spirit that went with him even to these latest years of his life when disease began to trace its lines in his strong, open face, which made the youngest of us feel that he was one of ourselves. And most of all, if a man's heart leapt worldward, if he longed to have the gospel of Christ go out to the whole creation and Jesus owned as Lord of lords and King of kings in all the nations of the earth, he would find that this beloved man shared his feeling to the full. The great battle which he waged for half a life time in establishing and defending our liberty to co-operate for the spread of the gospel, was not carried on in the desire of strife or love of pre-eminence. It was in loyalty to truth, in love of Christ, in longing for the extension of his kingdom to the ends of the earth. And that he lived to see the Foreign Missionary Society organized and operated with such cheering results, and flourishing at the moment of his departure as never before, may well be taken as God's seal upon his great and faithful life.

He was of so large and generous a mould that we all esteemed him a friend, a counsellor, a brother, and many of us revered him as a father. And this New Year's Day we feel a sense of personal bereavement when we think of him as gone, and as we stand in imagination by that new-made grave in Spring Grove we can each adopt, with a change of names, the words spoken by a poor workingman of Norman MacLeod: "Here lies Isaac Errett; and if it were nothing but what he had done for me he should shine as the stars forever and ever." J. M. TRIBLE.

Studies in Sacred History.

BY M. B. RYAN.

BIBLE HISTORY—SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

As Bible-history is unlike all other history in its aim, so is it unlike all other in its character. We may profitably study some of its characteristics. It is:

I. *Independent.* The great Author of this history guides his workmen onward with steady aim toward the accomplishment of his purpose. And, thus guided, they move among the men, and the events, of their respective times and places, recording what is relevant to their purpose, and ignoring what is irrelevant, with an independence as refreshing as it is instructive. They pass by without a notice events of the utmost importance materially, to individuals and nations; and they dwell with prolixity upon matters that seem comparatively insignificant. Fourteen chapters of Genesis are devoted to the story of Joseph, his descent into Egypt, and the influence of that event upon the fortunes of his family; while a mighty revolution, which dethroned a dynasty that had ruled Egypt for centuries, and seated another in power, is but glimpsed at, in the meagre statement that "there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." The marvelous, civilizations of antiquity which flourished on either side of the writers of the Bible; the revolutions by which old dynasties were overthrown and new ones put in power; the waking of empires to positions of world-wide power and fame, and their waning to helplessness and obscurity; the achievements of nations in architecture, science and art; the prowess of individuals, and the glory of peoples; all this, which is so intensely interesting to us as read from the disentombed monuments of past greatness, is passed over in studious silence by the sacred historians; or, if mentioned at all, it is mentioned only because of its connection with the development of God's purpose and only to the *extent* to which it was thus connected. While Israel; Israel, which was yet a shepherd tribe when Egypt was nearing the zenith of her glory; which groaned under the heel of Egypt for years; which never had any material greatness at all comparable to Assyria and Babylon; which is hardly known, or noticed, by the secular historians of antiquity, is almost the sole theme of the sacred historians for upwards of a thousand years.

The disproportionate place which Israel occupies in Bible history is significant. Two thousand years of the world's history is passed over in the first eleven chapters of Genesis. And in that portion of the history we have noticed the origin of the different races and nations which sprang from the three sons of Noah. Of some of these nations this is almost the only notice we have in the Bible. With the twelfth chapter of Genesis begins the history of Abraham; and the history of Abraham and his descendents for but about *a thousand years*, occupies the remainder of the book of Genesis, and, with the exception of the book of Job, all the other books of the Old Testament. True, others, individuals and nations, are noticed; but only as they are in some way connected with Abraham and Israel. These are in the foreground; the others are but the perspective of the picture. Accordingly, everything connected with Israel assumes great importance, comparatively. It is painted large as life, while what pertains to other nations is painted in diminutive. In the eyes of Bible writers there is no nation like Israel; no heroes like its heroes, no land like its land. Its numbers are compared to the sand upon the seashore. Its victories and heroes are immortalized in song. Its home is a fountain of blessings. To them Joshua is the greatest warrior, David the greatest Statesman, Solomon the mightiest monarch. Jerusalem is the choicest city, the temple of Solomon the most imposing structure. Lebanon is the monarch of mountains, the Jordan the king of streams. This is the way the history strikes us because these things are in the foreground. In reality they suffer in comparison with like things in other quarters. Israel was probably never as strong numerically as Egypt or Assyria or Babylon, in the days of their strength. Her land was but a little cranny of the earth's surface compared with what those nations at times possessed; and, in point of fertility, the rocky and precipitous hills of Palestine could never be compared to the valley of the Nile, or the plains of Mesopotamia. Joshua's campaigns and victories, from a material point of view, were insignificant beside those of the Pharoahs and the kings of Assyria and Babylon; while neither David nor Solomon, either of territory or splendor of royalty, could compare with these monarchs. The mountains of Lebanon are but hillocks beside the Hindu Koosh which, by orientals, is called "the roof of the world;" and Jordan, when compared with the Euphrates, is but a mountain rivulet. Yet the Bible writers have not falsified in the picture they have drawn. They have simply maintained a majestic independence in their work. And unawed by towering principalities about them, and unseduced by the glitter of material pomp, they have painted a despised nation to the life, and put the others in the background, because through Israel God was working out the glorious purpose whose history their pens were tracing.

II. IMPARTIAL. There is no favoritism, either of men or nations, with the sacred historians. If they write more of one man, or of one nation, than of others, it is not because they wish to be partial to these, but because they wish to be true to their mission. In their treatment of their subjects they are thoroughly impartial. They do not hide the faults and extol the virtues. They paint men as they are. Their pictures are all true to nature. In this fact lies a strong proof that the Bible is an inspired book, that the writers of it wrote as they were moved by its divine Author. Had it been simply a human production much would have been left out of it which it now contains. There are some great blots on the picture, which, from a human standpoint, mar it exceedingly. There are two Statements of Abraham's weakness, when, to shield himself he condescended to deceive his fellowmen, and put his wife in danger. There are sixty years of Jacob's life during which he was actuated by sordid motives, and in which he did some things which appear exceedingly unjust. There is a great stain on the character of David, which betrays, perhaps, his besetting sin. And the history of Israel is dotted with instances of perfidy, and corruption, and shame. Had men been writing this history in their wisdom, for the purpose of commending these characters to our consideration, they would never have risked the presence of these blotches on the picture. The story of Abraham's faith would have been told, and of Jacob's latter years, and of David's victories, and his gift of song. And Israel's triumphs over her enemies, and her national prosperity, would have been recounted, and the spots would have been carefully left off the canvas. But not so the inspired penman. Their pens are guided by the Divine will. And He desires humanity to be painted as it is, that men may see themselves as He sees them. And so the naked facts are told, and characters go to record in their native dress. And, after all, the Bible owes much of its power, to this impartiality. The evil with the good, gives the picture shade as well as light; and in contrast with the bad, the good seems the more precious. We feel, as we read, that the men are real men, and that we are of like passions and powers with them. Their faults are a warning to us lest we should fall; while their virtues and their achievements in righteousness inspire us with courage and with hope.

General News Items.

It is reported that 200 persons have been lost in the snow and frozen to death in Russia during the past week.——The General Managers of all the lines in the territory of the Western States Passenger Association west, northwest and southwest of Chicago met Thursday last and unanimously agreed to form an association for the maintenance of passenger-rates in the territory, and for the conducting of the passenger business in conformity with the interstate commerce law. ——"The number of executions during the past year in the United States was eighty-seven. New York headed the list with nine and Pennsylvania furnished five." ——A passenger train was blown from the rails near Fiume, Hungary, Sunday during a violent storm. Three persons were killed and many injured.——The Washington, D. C., *Post* has been sold for $210,000 to Frank Hatton, ex-Postmaster-General, and Congressman Wilkins, of Ohio.——Quite a sensation was created in Fredericksburg, Va., on New Year's night by a young lady of that place taking laudanum. Her *fiancee* became too attentive to some other charmer, in consequence of which the green-eyed monster took possession of her. Two doctors and a stomach pump relieved her, but she is still in a precarious condition. ——A telegram from Birmingham, Ala., says: A man living in a suburban town is suspected of having poisoned his wife and daughter with rough on rats in order that he might marry again. The bodies of the woman and child will be exhumed to-day and a *post mortem* held. No arrests have yet been made, and the man has no idea that he is under suspicion. He is making arrangements for his wedding, which is to take place next week. His wife and child have been dead about ten days.——One of the most stupendous swindles of modern times has just been exposed in New York. In 1882 a Prof. Friend claimed to have discovered an electrical process by which sugar could be refined for $6 per ton less than the old way and of much better quality. He had no difficulty in organizing a company and placing the stock, which sold above par. Most of it was held by English capitalists. About one and a half years ago the Professor died, but his wife and a Mr. Howard kept the scheme going. A few days since they left for parts unknown, taking with them about $250,000 in money. An investigation of the refinery has brought to light the fact that the refining was all bosh. The best grades of sugar were bought and water poured on it to make it form into solid blocks. It was then taken to the factory as crude sugar. While the stockholders waited in the outer room several crushers were set to work in the secret mill, and in a few minutes the most beautiful sugar was presented to their gaze, said to have been just re-

fined by the electrical process. Mrs. Friend and Mr. Howard are said to be wintering in Michigan. The scheme was so shrewdly worked that the most responsible sugar men of New York were taken in, and we doubt not they are wiser if not happier by their experience.——The Nicaragua canal bill has passed the House of Representatives.——A brief dispatch from Admiral Luce has been received at the Navy Department to the effect that yellow fever had broken out on board the United States steamer Yantic while in Port-au-Prince harbor.——The Government has just instituted a suit against the Northern Pacific R. R., involving millions of dollars. It appears that since the organization of the company in 1869 it has been trespassing on the Government land and denuding it of timber, which has caused great damage to Idaho, Washington Territory, Montana and Minnesota in that one of their chief values has been taken from them. The suit promises to be one of the most important in the history of the Government.—Private dispatches say that John Ruskin is ill, and that there is small hopes of his recovery.——The telegraph reports great distress among the people of northern Dakota. About 50 families, whose crops have been destroyed by the frosts, are in abject need, having neither clothes, shoes, food or fuel. One family has seen no flour for six weeks, and most of them have been living on a kind of porridge made of frozen green wheat and oats.

Mountain Siftings.

BY CHAS. S. LONG.

How true it is that time and tide wait for no man; and how true, also, that we spend our years as a tale that is told. Year has succeeded year, and century followed century until over six thousand years have come and gone since the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." In the days of the apostles many were expecting the advent of the angel, who John in vision saw "stand upon the sea and the earth and lift up his hand to heaven and swear that there should be time no longer." Many in the infant church weary of the burdens of life felt constrained to ask:

"How long, O Christ, before thou come to take
Thine heritage? So many Summers gone,
And harvests reaped, since that high hymn did break
Upon the Shepherds' ear in Bethlehem.
And still we are not saved! The world goes on
In the old courses, crying for light
To see how deep the gloom. Dost thou condemn,
O, just and awful Judge: O, Savior sweet?
Wilt thou not pity us? For we have failed;
And in the fight the enemy prevailed;
But yet we trust thou wilt not turn away,
When at thy feet our broken lives we lay."

Some of the scoffers asked: "Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation." Generation after generation has passed away since that time and harvests, summer's suns and winter's snows have followed each other, until A. D. 1889 has been ushered in and still the Master delays his coming.

I was in some of the stores in our town yesterday and I found the hardware merchant engaged with a good working force "taking stock." I asked him the object of this extra work, and he told me he wished to know whether his business was profitable, and this was the only certain way to find out. I asked a dry goods merchant to-day how business had been during the past year, and he said he could not tell exactly, as he was just itemizing his accounts and getting his books in shape, and as soon as he finished the books he would invoice his stock of goods, and then he could tell exactly how well his business was prospering.

I thought this a good time to take an inventory of our spiritual graces, and that Christians might learn a useful lesson from the painstaking business man. Another year's business has been done for the Master's service; some invested ten talents, some five and some two. What has been the ratio of increase on the amount invested? Have we gained other ten or five or two talents? How shall we know unless we examine the accounts. Have we been "unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord?" But the old year has passed away with all its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures. Its record has been made, and the recording angel has a faithful transcript of our lives. I wonder if sometimes there were not tears in his eyes as he recorded our deeds, and our sayings; how perverse and wayward we have been, and how well do we realize this as we look back over the past. We are standing at the threshold of a new year and, with the experiences which have come to us, we ought to be able to improve upon the past.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

In our missionary enterprises we should put forth our best efforts. Much may be accomplished in this direction by co-operating with the Corresponding Secretary, who is trying to place the work upon a better basis. For two months past he has had a standing list of churches in the MISSIONARY that have failed to respond to his requests for needed information. There is a reasonable excuse for some of the churches named in the Secretary's list; it is this: they have ceased to exist as churches. In some other cases blanks have been sent to the wrong parties, as I notice by the list of names given, but in many cases there is no excuse except *pure negligence*, and the list might continue to be published weekly until the Convention without bringing any response. How strange it is that we will be so negligent when we are all members of the same great partnership, and all responsible in the exact ratio of our ability for the success of the work entrusted to us. May the present year show a decided improvement along this line, and may we strive to turn every circumstance of our life to a right spiritual account.

We were greatly surprised New Year's night when answering a rap at the door to see a goodly number of this congregation, marshaled by Sister Horace Mason, with sundry packages and parcels in their arms, walking in and taking possession of the parsonage. It was a kindly New Year's greeting and altogether unexpected. Thanks, brethren and sisters.

We have recently secured a good supply of singing books for this congregation and the singing is much improved. We are now using Fillmore's Hymn and Tune Book. Part 2 and 3. It contains a choice collection of hymns and tunes.

RONCEVERTE, W. VA., Jan. 2, 1889.

Tidewater Mission Notes.

BY E. B. BAGBY.

Last Sunday Prof. A. S. Morrison and the writer exchanged pulpits, he preaching in Newport News and I in West Point. Bro. Vernon has lately closed a successful meeting at the latter place, and his services were highly enjoyed and appreciated. During his short ministry Bro. Morrison has greatly endeared himself to his congregation. Made my home at the Va. Female Seminary—a good place for a young man to stop. Our brethren ought to be proud of the rapid growth of this home institution and help it forward to still greater usefulness.

I also enjoyed a visit to Bro. R. Y. Henley, my father in the gospel. His eyesight for some time has been growing weaker, but it is comforting to know that his faith is growing stronger and his hopes are brightening. He says he feels like a prisoner, who, peeping through a barred window, catches only a partial glimpse of a beautiful landscape, but he expects Jesus will soon throw open the doors and set him free—free from the darkness and gloom of this earth; free from its sorrows and tears, and he can go home where all is light and joy, and meet the loved ones who are watching and waiting for his coming.

Bro. Thos. B. Henley, who has contributed so largely to the success of the cause in West Point, and given so liberally for the erection of the church, made me a New Year's present of $25 for the Newport News Church. He wishes to start the ball rolling, and asks others to fall into line. Col. Jno. B. Cary has promised $25. These brethren know the importance of the work in that field. Are there not two others who will increase this amount to $100? You couldn't make a better investment.

Bro. W. J. Cocke has accepted a unanimous call to preach this year for Smyrna and Rappahannock congregations.

During his three years ministry at Smyrna nearly 100 members have been added.

STEVENSVILLE, VA., Jan. 1, 1889.

In the Field.

BY H. B. SHERMAN.

We have fully entered upon the year of grace, 1889, and we may well pause upon the threshhold and consider well what is before us, count the cost, take the bearings and prepare for a grapple with reality, because the experiences of the past has fully impressed upon our minds the fact that the year just past was not filled with joys and pleasures altogether, but all along its path we have found, sandwiched here and there, sorrows, trials and obstructions that have darkened our pathway and hindered our progress; and we may as well make up our minds to meet obstacles of like nature in the struggles of the coming year. Let us gird up our loins and prepare for the struggle, and do with our might what our hands find to do.

There have been triumphs during the past year in Gospel work that have gladdened the hearts of the faithful toilers, and gives us courage to press on to greater conquests in the future. The outlook is not at all discouraging, and the reapers have everything to inspire them to greater activity in the work for Christ and humanity.

Some of our leaders have fallen at the front, but this should not discourage us; the cause of Christ is greater than any minor set of men. These noble workers have left us the heritage of their grand lives devoted to the service of Christ and the betterment of humanity. We may not be able to do as much as they, but we can imitate them by doing what we can. The reports from the field indicates that Zion is putting on her beautiful garments, and going forth in the strength and power of Elijah's God to do battle for the right as never before in our history.

I want to call the attention of the brethren in Pennsylvania to the appeal that has been made for the work in Erie City. Bro. E. L. Frazier, lately from Kokomo, Ind., has moved to Erie and taken charge of the work, and a wiser selection could not have been easily made. It must be remembered that the Official Board is not in possession of a mint in which to manufacture money with which to carry on this work, but they depend wholly on the free-will offerings of the brethren of the State to carry on this good begun work. It now remains to be seen whether it will fail for want of support. My brother, shall this work fail on account of your negligence? The churches throughout the State can have the utmost confidence in the ability and goodness of Bro. Frazier, for a man is best known by his work; and Bro. Frazier's work at Kokomo, Ind., was of a character to commend him as a thoroughly equipped workman in every respect.

Bro. Jackson, the successful pastor at Lock Haven, is in a meeting there which will continue indefinitely. We all have great hope for much success in this effort.

Bro. Royal Ainsworth, of Rainham, Ont., has invaded Uncle Sam's domain, and is now settled at Scio, N. Y., as the pastor at that place.

Bro. John McKee is proposing to leave Connellsville, Pa., and take a new field. Happy will be the church that secures his services.

Bro. M. H. Tipton is now publishing the *Guardian*, a secular local paper, at Elgin, Pa.

Bro. G. W. Pearce is succeeding well in his work at Lowellville and Edenburg, Ohio; he baptized two and received some others into the church recently in his field of labor.

I am now in a meeting at Duke Centre, Pa. The work has just fairly started, but there is nothing to indicate what the result will be. There is really no church here. There was at one time, at the beginning of the oil excitement, but the population was a migrative one, so those who were members at the beginning soon moved away, thus leaving the church first up then down. There are now about ten members, but the outlook is quite good, because the hearts of the people are turned our way—the fruits of the wise and efficient labors of my friend and brother, James Hart. We are in a siege, and know not when we will close.

DUKE CENTRE, PA., Jan. 3, 1889.

—STATE WORK.—

Virginia Christian Missionary Society.

OFFICE OF SEC'Y AND TREAS.,
Jan'y 9th, 1889.

The following list of churches are NOT the ones that have NOT responded to our call for money made in December, but they have not sent in the report of their condition asked for several months ago. Can't some member in these churches send us the number of members on roll and any other information about the work done from October, 1887, to October, 1888?

Let all our State churches be guided by the list of collections (to be taken up during this year) sent out a few weeks ago, and make arrangements to send in a good collection for STATE WORK during January. Your apportionment by the Board will reach you in a short time. We hope all the churches will respond liberally and promptly.

Church.	Party sent to.	Postoffice.
Antioch	M. F. Reid	Penn Store, Va.
Alleghany		
Berea	R. B. McCalley	Leavells, "
Bethel	Geo. Bailey	Graham, "
Berea	J. G. Kegley	Wytheville, "
Bethel	F. M. Ross	Sinking Creek, "
Boon's Chapel	G. A. Simmons	Naffs, "
Berea	Geo. S. Jeter	Macon, "
Baptist Valley		
Clifton Forge	W. W. Pendleton	Clifton Forge "
Concord	C. E. E. Carbaugh	Tazewell C. H. "
Chestnut Grove		
Cypress Grove	W. H. Smith	Snowville, "
Dick's Creek	M. J. Beavers	Sayersville, "
Enon	Ernest L. Hester	Mansfield, "
Evergreen	B. F. Coffey	Nash, "
Edinburg	Philip Bowers	Edinburg, "
Frenchville	L. Goodwyne	Frenchville, W. Va.
Falls Mills	S. K. Sturdiant	Falls Mills, Va.
Fairview		
Glade Creek	J. W. Edwards	Wood Lawn, "
Gills Creek	D. T. Saunders	Scruggs, "
Gordonsville	L. W. Graves	Grassland, "
Green Spring	T. P. Watkins	Mullinsville, "
Goshen		
Hampton Mission	J. W. Tennis	Hampton, "
Horse Pasture		
Haymarketown	J. M. Hinchee	Haymarketown,
Holly Grove	W. E. Fitchett	Fitchetts, "
John's Creek	M. L. Snodgrass	Gunn, "
Level Green	H. A. Duncan	Huffman, "
Laurel Hill	W. B. Howard	Proffitt, "
Liberty	J. C. Rowlett	Green Bay, "
Mountain View	W. S. Dudley	Dublin, "
Martinsville	J. R. Brown	Martinsville, "
Max Creek	D. M. Owen	Radford Furnace, "
Mt. Pleasant		
New Salem	Wm. H. Showalter	Snowville, "
Narrows		
Oak Grove	J. G. French	Rocky Gap, "
Olive Branch	W. G. W. Farthing	Lightfoot, "
Pleasant Hill	J. Williams, Jr.	Old Town, "
Piedmont	W. C. Shackleford	Stony Point, "
Prospect	H. M. Fisher	Church Road, "
Paxton Chapel	J. L. Paxton	Ripley Mills, "
Paint Bank	A. C. Looney	Paint Bank, "
Pleasant Hill	M. McCorkell	Willowton, W. Va.
Round Bottom	Jas. Gray	Rocky Gap, Va.
Rochelle	Thos. Yager	Rochelle, "
River Side	R. W. Fitzgerald	
Richlands		
Rich Patch	M. Arrett	Arrett's, "
Somerset	Wm. H. Kite	Liberty Mills, "
Strasburg	Obed Funk	Strasburg, "
Shraders	Jno. S. Crockett	Shraders, "
Sweet Sp'g Valley	J. H. Cook	Sweet Springs, "
Sunny Point	A. J. French, Jr.	Narrows, "
Shiloh	B. P. Miller	Newberne, "
Sugar Grove	Mrs. Stiff	Maybrook, "
Union Chapel	I. B. Bell	Wilburn, "
Woodstock	Geo. L. Miley	Woodstock, "
Winchester	F. Z. Pirkey	Winchester, "

If there are any churches in the State that want preachers and they will write us stating how much they can pay a man, we will take pleasure in sending them the name of some one. We know of several good men that could be gotten if our churches would only form circuits and go to work.

Collections from Dec. 26 to Jan. 8:

Danville church, S. Piedmont,	$4 85
Smyrna church, Tidewater, -	5 10
Eliza Boyd, Fairview church,	48

J. L. HILL, Sec'y & Treas.

Married

Oct. 24th, by F. F. Bullard, Charles N. Seagle and Beatrice E. Tynes.

By the same, Nov. 15th, Robert N. Seagle and Nannie A. Woolford.

By the same, Dec. 12th, Jas. A. Rider and Alpha M. Turner.

Dec. 20th, by the same, Wm. M. Brady and Eliza V. Taylor.

Dec. 20th, by the same, Samuel Kesing and Emma C. Mize.

Dec. 30th, by the same, Henry T. Hoilman and Mattie T. Moir.

At Louisa C. H., Va., Dec. 10th, 1888, by Z. Parker Richardson, Mr. John P. Chick and Miss Laura L. Parsons; both of Louisa county, Va.

At the residence of the bride's father, Dec. 23, 1888, by Z. Parker Richardson, Mr. Richard W. Gammon and Miss Sarah F. Brooks; both Louisa C. H., Va.

Jan'y 2nd, 1889, by J. A. Spencer, at the home of the bride, Mr. W. H. Ritler and Miss Mollie G. Shimp; both of Frederick county.

On January 8th, by I. J. Spencer, Mr. E. Willard Sweeney and Miss Hattie R. White; all of Richmond, Va.

Notes From the Field.

VIRGINIA.

PULASKI CITY, Jan. 4th, 1889.—An intelligent young man was immersed into Christ Wednesday. Our audiences at prayer-meeting are fair. Glad to hear C. S. Lucas is coming to Virginia. Think it will be a great addition.

W. H. BOOK.

ROANOKE.—C. S. Long, of Ronceverte, W. Va., asks: "How about Roanoke? Is the Board doing anything for that place?" Yes; C. S. Lucas has consented to locate in Roanoke and preach in the city on Sundays, and do what he can for the surrounding country during the week days. The Board and the church at Roanoke are sanguine and ready for the war.

RICHMOND, Jan. 7th.—Began work for the Third Church, November 13th, 1887. Number of additions to December 30th, 1888, 108. The church lost two by death, one by letter and one whom we fear is beyond the reach of our feeble efforts to reclaim. Fifty-eight additions by letter from Disciple congregations; sixteen from other congregations. One series of meetings, by Bro. Spencer, during the year with forty additions.

E. A. COLE.

ASHLAND, Jan. 4, 1889.—The business which caused me to leave the Kentucky University this session is now in such a condition that my presence is no longer needed and so I have determined to return to the University of Kentucky the first week in February, if nothing happens to prevent. The churches for which I have agreed to preach this year were very kind in consenting for me to go. I expect to remain at the Bible College until I graduate, which will be next session.

R. D. HARDING.

Valley Notes.

My last was from Bethlehem. At Milnes we had good audiences morning and night. Through the energy of Miss Emma Woodson, and the ready co-operation of our lady members and friends, we organized an Aid Society of twenty-four members, with promise of others. Mrs. Eliott, President; Miss Emma Woodson, Vice President; Mrs. Mattie Miller; Treasurer; Mrs. Jno. Eddins, Secretary. Their immediate object is the purchase of a church lot, and they will succeed.

The Mt. Jackson Sunday-school entertainment was a pleasant affair. Their enrollment ran up to eighty, while more than 100 were remembered in the Christmas presents. Among the unenrolled Mrs. Hamaker was remembered in some nice table linen and the regulation turkey. Misses Jennie and Laural Stickley have our thanks for a like favor on Thanksgiving Day. Besides which we have been generously remembered at Galilee and Strasburg, for which we tender thanks.

On the 27th inst., at our regular prayer-meeting at Strasburg, two estimable young ladies from the Seminary confessed Christ and were baptized by Bro. J. A. Spencer on the following day. A good way to celebrate Christmas and begin the new year. I am now at Dayton for a meeting. Good audiences yesterday and last night. I have had the pleasure of meeting brethren R. S. and Henry Bryan and Mrs. J. W. Rhodes from Roanoke, who had returned on a visit. They report prospects brightening there. Bro. Levi Rhodes, brother to P. S. and D. H., with his esteemed wife, have returned to make this their home here. It is a God-send to this church.

Bro. E. L. Hester, after a temporary break down from over work, is much improved, and, we trust, will soon be himself again. In the death of Bro. Errett we have lost more than in that of any other man since Mr. Campbell's death; and yet as was demonstrated then the cause is of God and does not depend on any one man. God will raise up men to do the needed work for the future as He has in the past. We should rejoice that they were given us for so many years, and now that the work is inaugurated and the foundations laid go bravely forward in the consciousness that all the "sufficiency is of God." J. D. HAMAKER.

GEORGIA.

GRIFFIN, Jan. 2, 1889.—I am now located at Griffin, Ga., where I will labor the greater part of my time during the year upon which we are just entering. We are somewhat encouraged with the present prospects for good results from earnest and zealous work if continued with patience. Please notify the brotherhood through the columns of the MISSIONARY of the change of my address; also send the MISSIONARY to this place. As soon as I become settled for the new year I will give you an outline of our working in Georgia, together with our failures and comtemplated success.

F. L. ADAMS.

MONROE, Dec. 18, 1888.—Upon the departure of Bro. and Sister Foster, after granting them letters of commendation: on motion, the church appointed a committee of three consisting, of N. J. Tumlin, W. W. McGaughey and W. L. Hughes, to draft suitable resolutions expressive of the feelings of the church, to accompany the letters. The committee thereupon offered the following, which was unanimously adopted amid sadness and tears:

WHEREAS, Amid the varied vicissitudes of life our good Bro. and Sister sever their personal associations with us for distant fields and stranger faces, and while we realize our great loss, yet overshadowed by this cloud of sorrow and sadness there is a silver lining thereto knowing that our loss is others gain.

Resolved, Therefore, 1st, That after an acquaintance and close association for fifteen years with Bro. Foster, we realize that Georgia loses a patriot, Walton county a true, tried and upright citizen, this church a devoted, consecrated member and an able and faithful minister.

Second, Sister Foster having spent her whole life with us, we feel that a place in the church has been made vacant that will scarcely be filled. She was the loving wife, the devoted mother, the preachers true help-meet, a model in society, a jewel in the church, and we recommend her to the hearts and homes of all the good and true.

Third, That upon this parting, we tender to them and their dear little ones our esteem and love and fervent prayers for their comfort and happiness wherever their lots may be cast, commending them to God and the word of his grace which is able to give them an inheritance among all the sanctified.

Fourth, That a copy of these proceedings be inscribed upon our records and a copy each be sent the MISSIONARY WEEKLY and *Walton News* for publication.

N. J. TUMLIN,
W. W. MCGAUGHEY,
W. L. HUGHES, } Com.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN DIEGO.—*Chrismas Day Review.*—left Virginia March 1st. Spent three months in sickness, during which time I traveled nearly 12,000 miles. We have been at San Diego seven months. By God's help I have preached seventy-eight sermons. There have been eighty-one additions. Served at five funerals and six weddings. Started one mission. Wrote over forty articles for publication. Health greatly improved. We enter the New Year praising God who giveth the increase and who is all in all. Long live the MISSIONARY and great be its influence for good. JOHN BRANDT.

MISSOURI.

UNIONVILLE.—We closed a five weeks' meeting at this place the fourth Lord's-day in December. Bro. H. A. Northcutt was here four weeks. He is a grand man in and out of the pulpit. The result is sixty-nine additions, fifty-three baptisms and sixteen otherwise. The very best element was reached and we are greatly strengthened and encouraged.

E. M. SMITH.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucus surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine; it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

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All Our Friends

Will please remember that they can send us $1.50 for the MISSIONARY WEEKLY, and have a family paper for one year.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL
SUPPLIES.

All Sunday-schools wishing supplies, papers, quarterlies, lesson leaves, singing books, registers, etc., etc., can obtain them from the MISSIONARY WEEKLY Office. Send to us for terms and other information.

SPENCER & HILL

God's Gift to the World.

BY W. H. APPLEGATE.

The season of joyful days is upon us, everywhere people meet with smiles and bid each other a merry Christmas. For weeks the shop windows in the cities have glistened and groaned with their burden of treasures. Tokens of affection are exchanged; the child gives with love some gift, made precious to the parent by the work of its hands; and the parent has remembered the child. It is a season of re-union, the father, after a long absence, has returned home, and the little ones gather around his knee, the children that have long been gone from the parental roof now visit their parents and the scenes of their childhood, old friends meet around the fireside and talk of other days. With what pleasure, what anticipated joys have the children, parents and friends looked forward to this Christmas day and will hail it with gladness.

But there are thousands in our own land to whom this day will bring no joys. The widow and the orphan in their desolate homes will know nothing of the joys of this day; they receive no tokens of affection; no one seems to love or care for them. While we are happy over our presents let us not forget the poor; to remember them not in our prayers only, but also in our deeds of kindness and words of cheer.

While we are happy over the gifts we have received from kindred and friends, I want to call your attention to God's great gift to the world: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This is the language of Jesus to Nicodemus on that night when Jesus talked with him about the kingdom of heaven. I know of no one who knows more about the love of God, or who is better able to tell us about it than Jesus, for He was long in the bosom of the Father and knew the great secret of his heart.

We have a Christmas of our own, this is not God's Christmas, but one that man has appointed for himself. God never appointed but one Christmas for this earth, and that was nearly two thousand years ago. We call our Christmas a great day; but the Christmas God appointed was the greatest the world has ever known.

Some give costly gifts to their children and friends; none give to their enemies. But God gave the most precious gift in the universe to the world—the whole world—when it was in rebellion against Him. Paul says: "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

For days and weeks we have been preparing to make our gifts, but God was four thousand years making ready to present his gift to the world. Our gifts are only to the favored few, but God's was for everyone; ours to friends, God's to his enemies.

Let us now look at the motive that prompted this great gift. Many of our presents are made from gratitude; but gratitude did not prompt God. Some are made from the obligation one is under to another; but God was under no obligation to any one. "God so loved the world"—not that he loved, merely, but that He loved it so much; not that we loved God, but that He *so* loved us—his love was so great that he gave his Son.

How anxiously the world waited for that gift! How long the time seemed! How dark it grew! For four hundred years no message came from God. It seemed as if He had withdrawn himself from the world and left sorrow burdened hearts groaning in their chains, bound in slavery to Satan. The world had sunk deep in all manner of vice and crime; it seemed about to perish in the darkness, forsaken of God. Though the dark pall of despair has settled upon it, God so loves the world that He will send it light. Now while the earth is wrapt in slumber the gray streaks of dawn are appearing in the east and soon the Sun will burst forth with a full blaze of glory and set all hearts to rejoicing.

Augustus Caesar, first Emperor of Rome, had issued a decree that all the people of his dominion should be taxed. Every Jew must be enrolled in the district or city of his ancestors. Thousands were thronging the highways on the way to the place of enrollment. The sun was fast sinking behind the hills of Judea—the shadows of night were sweeping on, when two weary travelers, a man and a woman, passed through the gates of Bethlehem and asked for lodging at the inn of the city. These were Joseph and his wife Mary, who had come to the city of their royal ancestors to be enrolled. People thronged the hillsides and the streets, wandering here and there, seeking a place to rest for the night; every place was full. "There was no room in the inn." Only a stall and a manger in a stable could they find; and here they lay down for the night. The angel of peace hovered over that stable that night. The world slept, little thinking that before that morning sun chased away the night the air would be rent with sweeter songs than earth had ever heard before: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." I think we will never know the full meaning of that song, nor feel the full power in our hearts, nor the sweetness of the strains until we pass within the pearly gates; then we will sing a song in which the angels cannot join:

"Bright heralds of the eternal will,
Abroad his errands you fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.
But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
You on your harps must lean to hear
A secret cord that mine shall bear."

Consider the value of this gift. When we get a present we want to know the value of it and what it is good for. Value is the first thing that strikes the American mind. What is the value of God's gift? The world was without a friend, helpless and almost hopeless. It felt the load of sin; a remorseful conscience was a greater burden than man could bear with ease; a soul bowed down with a weight; a dark pall of despair settling down on that soul—a pall so dark that no ray of light came through it—that soul wandered in search of help without finding it. But now God has given us a friend. A light pierces that pall and drives despair to the winds; hope seizes the soul and lifts it into the pure warm sun-light of Heaven: "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light was sprung up." "Thou shall call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." God has given many children to the world, but with no one has he ever given so much as with this one. "Unto you is borne this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." It is what we all want: Peace! no longer a restless, wandering soul. Pardon! the soul's burden all gone. The captive is set at liberty and breathes the pure atmosphere of freedom. Happiness! sorrowing and sighing shall flee away. Heaven! I cannot tell you what this is. It will be known only when we stand in the presence of the great King and behold his beauty and the glories of that Eternal City. Satisfaction! "I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness." Eternal life! "The gift of God is life eternal through Jesus Christ." We all love life; we want to live even in the memories of earthly friends.

"Who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?"

When we remember that God's gift reaches out into eternity, let us thank Him, not only for that birth, but, also, for that life, that death and that resurrection which has brought to us our hope. Our gifts perish with using; not so with God's. It grows brighter all the time. It opens the grave to its possessor and takes away all its gloom; it gives hope of a glad resurrection; it opens the pearly gates of Heaven to all who by faith receive it from the Almighty Giver. He who shall stand and knock for admission, pleading this gift as a reason for his entrance, will not be refused.

Notice, also, the object God had in giving us this gift: "That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Jesus came to save sinners. All may come and be saved no matter what the conditions of life may be. This salvation is for all. If we accept the gift we shall not perish. It is God's purpose to save us from perishing—this is the object of his gift. We applaud Washington for leading our fathers to victory, Alfred Winkleried for saving his home and countrymen from the tyranny of Austria; but God would save sinners. For this purpose He gave Jesus as a gift to the world. This gift is our only hope. If our hope be not in Him we perish.

In view of what God has done for us, what is our return? "What shall I return unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" is a question for serious consideration.

God has appointed one more Christmas or Christ-mass. This will not be for the world, but only for his children. God will command the angels to spread the feast and to gather the elect from the four corners of the earth; and they shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with Christ at the head. What a Christmas that will be! If the first Christmas was glorious, the last will be more glorious. The first was heralded by only a few angels; but the last will be heralded by millions of the redeemed. Let us thank God for his great gift and accept his invitation to the great Christmas feast in heaven.

The Power and Perpetuity of Early Impressions.

BY DR. C. BULLARD.

Two strokes of paralysis convincing me that I am on the borderland, I feel it my duty before my voice is hushed upon this shore to give some tragical features in the life of my Brother Stillman, in proof of the perpetuity and power of nursery impressions.

A childless couple was my father's nearest neighbors. During my Brother Stillman's infancy they were, or professed to be, exceeding fond of him, which induced my parents to leave him in their care while making a visit of several days to relatives. On going to the house for the child after their return they found it deserted. No information could be obtained as to when or where they had gone. Only a parent can understand the anguish of their hearts. Every effort to trace them was unavailing. One man, no doubt in collusion with them, and a fine horse upon which my father mounted him for the pursuit, was never heard of again. For thirteen years the search was unavailing.

Eighty-five years ago the most of the States were backwoods. Railroads and steam-boats were not known. Neither newspapers, except in the larger cities. In the meantime that child was never out of memory. Can we realize the dread of the parents for the influence kidnappers at the best must make on his character? What a relief to know he had perished by the Indian's tomahawk! How dreadful the return of thanksgiving days! If for a moment he was forgotten a laugh was felt to be heartless. For thirteen years a pall hung over a family of bleeding hearts.

Ultimately a traveller, earnestly engaged to make inquisition, lodged under the same roof of the boy, now seventeen years old. He was but four years old when stolen. And though so young he never did fully believe that they were his parents, although they had given him their name.

And this impression was confirmed when they had children of their own. It seemed at first that they were really fond of him, and he was treated somewhat as their child; but subsequently as a slave, all of which prevented what his parents most dreaded. They had no power over his heart, which, thank God, fell into the trend of his infant years.

While the stranger, who lodged under the same roof, was making inquiry for this lost child Stillman was early hurried off to bed; but not until he was convinced from what he heard that he was the child. And stealthily creeping down stairs he gathered enough to determine him to seek a father's house.

His captors were compelled to send him to school with their children, for they had given him their name. But his foster mother was careful to butter every piece of bread in the school-basket, knowing that he, from some idiosyncracy, would be unable to eat a morsel. In the meantime he was making preparations for his advent. He procured some tools, such as he saw used in the repairing of clocks, and qualified himself to do honest work in this line. Indeed, as time developed, he could not do any other kind of work. And gathering a very slight wardrobe, without the formalities of good-bye, he started out on his errand, supporting himself fully by the repairs he found called for in his travels.

Just as the shades of evening closed on Greenwich Plain a rustic youth called at a gabled-roofed house requesting entertainment for the night. The proprietor, now grown venerable, bade him welcome, although a house of entertainment was near. Entering the house and being invited to take a seat, he remained standing and commenced asking questions and attempting to converse. At that time I was a white-headed boy about nine years old—restless and inquisitive. I readily discovered an air of mystery in the stranger. The truth was he was laboring to prevent the sudden discovery that he was the lost child. But my childish impatience could not brook delay, and I suddenly cried out: "Mother, this is brother Stillman." And mother asked, trembling in every joint: "Are you, indeed, my child?" and sank fainting to the floor. And my sisters sank down like the swath under the mower's scythe, while father, brother Stillman and myself were bathed in tears. I never saw such a scene. I never shall again.

And now for the proof of the power of early impressions! The next day after the return of brother Stillman I was sent with him to see brother William, who was employed about two miles from home. In passing through woodland there was a patch of ground covered with checkerberries. I gathered a handful, and, with an overflowing heart, offered them to brother Stillman. And he, with just such a heart, declined them. In urging his acceptance I made the impression on his mind that I professed not to be fond of them. "Oh, my dear little brother," said brother Stillman, "I had rather you would tell the exact truth at all times, and in all things than to have all the berries in the world."

To close with a few more words, Stillman Bullard came out of the hands of his terrible captors one of the most conscientious beings, not excepting my own mother or Thomas Campbell, that I have ever known. All of which must have been owing to the persistent influence of his child culture. He died very early preaching the gospel of the grace of God.

C. W. B. M. Column.

DIRECTORY.

Mrs. Maria Jameson, President, 296 Broadway, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. S. E. Shortridge, Secretary, and Editor "Missionary Tidings."
Office C. W. B. M., 160 North Delaware Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
Miss Ellen Kent, President, for Virginia, Louisa Court-house, Va.
Miss Gillie Cary, State Secretary, 720 Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

Let all money, checks, etc., be sent by the Treasurers of the Auxiliaries to Mrs. S. E. Shortridge, Office C. W. B. M., 160 N. Delaware Street Indianapolis, Ind., and reports of same to State Secretary of Virginia.

Please do not neglect reports every quarter. Quarters ending last of December, March, June and September.

Quarterly Report C. W. B. M. for the Quarter Ending Dec. 31, 1888.

Richmond, 7th Street,	-	$ 11 30
" Marshall St.,	-	4 75
" 3rd Church,	-	6 45
Snowville,	-	6 00
Macedonia,	-	4 00
Norfolk,	-	4 90
Louisa C. H.,	-	2 50
Gilboa, no report.	-	
Gordonsville,	-	3 00
Charlottesville,	-	3 85
Scottsville, no report,	-	
Antioch,	-	3 21
Rochelle,	-	7 50
Gethsemane, no report,	-	
Smyrna, no report,	-	
Rappahannock, no report,	-	
Westville, no report.	-	
Bethpage, no report.	-	
Green Bay, no report.	-	
Zion, no report.	-	
Grafton, no report.	-	
Total,	-	$70 46
Pledged at Louisa for State Organizer,	-	$123 04

The officers of the C. W. B. M. in Virginia, through their State Secretary, would send their cordial greetings to the auxiliaries, and render an account unto them of their stewardship.

In November, at the Convention at Louisa, it was resolved that an appeal should be made to the General Board for a mission in Virginia, to be located at Roanoke, that prosperous and growing young town. That the State Secretary was instructed to send in a petition for this work, and did so as soon as practicable. But no response being made, she wrote again, and found that the illness of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. S. E. Shortridge, had caused the delay, and another letter had to be written to the President, Mrs. Jameson, explaining facts and reasons, and yet another formal appeal to the General Executive Committee, urging immediate action. As soon as an answer is received it will be given to the auxiliaries through the columns of the MISSIONARY WEEKLY. This delay has been discouraging, but it could not be helped. We hope for a favorable consideration of our plea, and as soon as we can hear, we expect to put an Organizer in the field to form new auxiliaries and stir up old ones: for if we are to succeed in this work, and retain the help given us, it will be necessary for the societies to greatly increase their numbers, zeal and liberality. Many have said "we would do more and give more, if this money could only be kept in our own State!" and, now, that the opportunity is given us to let "charity begin at home," let us see that "charity never faileth," but that this greatest of Christian graces shall now grow more, and bring forth more fruit. We had $123.04 pledged at Louisa for the support of an Organizer, but our report for the first quarter shows only $70.46 sent in; ten auxiliaries having failed to report at all. This is discouraging, but we hope that the double reports sent in the last of March, end of second quarter, will more than remedy our shortcomings.

There were all the evidences of a coming storm; but when he drew from his pocket a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup then came a calm, for the baby had the croup and would now get well.

Little Willie screams and storms with a burn upon his arm. To little Willie joy is sent, by using Salvation Oil, the great liniment.

WHAT IS

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A Letter From Turkey.

DEAR MISSIONARY:

You are already informed of our pleasant trip from Lexington to Detroit, New York, Liverpool, London, and across the channel to Ostang Belg., and thence through Vienna by the new all-the-way-by-rail route our safe return to Constantinople, by Mrs. Shishmanian's letter written shortly after our arrival here. Now I wish to write, as briefly as possible, how we found the work in this country and what has been done since our return. We found our little band of believers in this city as faithful as we had left them, but considerably weather-beaten. They had been subjected to all kinds of ridicule by the people whose religious leaders, taking occasion by our absence, had circulated false reports about us to dishearten them and keep others from attending their worship. But the Hand of God being upon them they were not left without encouragement. They had baptized four precious souls while we were away, though we did not find but one of the four baptized here in the city; the other three had left for other parts. It cannot be out of place here to repeat what we have said in former letters that our work in this city from the very beginning has been among the transient population of the city, and we have not been able to reach the permanent residents, and the principal reason is that all the different classes of the citizens, being accustomed to go into large, commodious buildings for religious exercises, the appearance of our house and place of worship have not been sufficient inducement to them to attend our preaching, and until we be enabled to invite them into a building something like the humblest of the kind they are accustomed to attend, we cannot hope to reach the citizens of Constantinople. Notwithstanding the great drawback of our work in this respect our work met with a marvellous success among the transient residents of the city.

Our little church here became the mother of the 16 churches established throughout the empire. She sent out many faithful followers of Christ back to their homes or other ports. Almost every one of our brethren who went to the College of the Bible in Lexington were baptized in this church, and the fidelity of the little band living in oar city well deserves the respect and encouragement of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Until now this church has been the center of our work in Turkey, and the time is come to place her in a position to reach the citizens of Constantinople also, among whom we do not doubt is a great and glorious work waiting for us to do. For this purpose, and through the liberality of our Texas friends, we bought last year a lot adjoining our house and lot, and now we are impatiently looking to our great brotherhood in the United States to build a suitable building for a school and house of worship. Such a building will cost us in this city not less than $20,000.

Dear reader, I take it for granted that you are a true friend of Foreign Missions; therefore, I feel at liberty to ask you how much are you willing to contribute for this noble work? Think over it well and decide before you put this paper down, and be kind enough to inform Bro. McLean the result of your considerations; or, if you prefer, take a postal card for two cents, write on it the amount you decide to give over your full address and send it to me.

But the purpose of this letter was to tell you how we found the work and of its progress since our return. Almost three weeks ago we were surprised by the visit of two blind brethren from Russia on their way through Smyrna to their homes in Mesopotamia. One of these brethren was totally blind and the other with only one weak eye; but their spiritual eyes were marvellously keen and bright, specially the one totally blind. Malkhas Melkonian by name, and only 27 years of age, by means of raised letters and by hearing he had a thorough knowledge of the Old and New Testament, so that while conversing upon various religious topics he could readily quote whole passages of Scripture, giving the chapter and verse. While travelling from place to place, somewhere in Mesopotamia, they had come into the possession of one of our American tracts, which recently has been translated into the Greek language, and by reading or rather hearing it, they had been charmed with the simplicity of Apostolic Christianity as it is presented in the tract, and had determined to come to Constantinople to find us. Travelling through Asia Minor, they had crossed over to Russia nearly two years ago, and in Nakhchivan providentially meeting our little band of believers had been baptized by our Bro. Megirdich Mardirosoff, and their baptism was reported at the time, but we had heard nothing more of them until their visit to us. Remaining with us about ten days Bro. Melkonian preached for us, and in a simple, touching language related to us their adventures and preaching in Russia immediately after their baptism, which had resulted in the baptism of 21 souls—17 in the town of Zaplarene, 2 in Alexandrapale, 1 in Kara Kalep and 1 in Euvanovkah. In the first mentioned town the clergy of the Russian church had laid their hands on them, and after they had taken from them all their books and papers had put them in prison as disturbers of the peace, and their trial had lasted seven months. Bro. M. told us that they had met quite a number of Baptists in Russia, who, after hearing his preaching, had desired to join the "Disciples" without being re-immersed, but our blind brother would not tolerate such a thing because "they had not been immersed *for the remission of sins.*" And when I told him that we do receive them into our fellowship if they be willing to correct their views, our sightless brother entered into a warm discussion with me upon the subject, in a true and humble spirit of devotion to Truth, until he exhausted his arguments, then he expressed a great desire to go back to Russia to bring into the fellowship of the saints as many Baptists as may desire to do so. How marvellous are the works of God and how strange the means he employs to gather into the fold of Christ, the Good Shepherd, his scattered sheep!

We have received encouraging reports from the churches in the country since our return from the United States; but, like all our earthly joys, they were not without dark clouds of sorrow. A terrible accident, resulting in the shocking death of two faithful brethren and the injury of a young brother, had occurred in Smyrna in the same week of our arrival in this city. Bro. G. Der Tavitian, with his youngest son, son-in-law and grandson, while asleep in a newly finished vineyard cottage or hut, the heavily loaded roof had given in and almost instantly had killed his son and son-in law, injured his grandson, now in the hospital at Smyrna; but he himself miraculously escaped without injury. By the urgent request of the church there I went to Smyrna, our two blind brethren also being on the same steamer, and I was glad to find the grief-stricken families considerably comforted and drawn closer to God in their affliction. God had replaced the loss of the church by adding two others to their number three days after the two faithful brethren had fallen asleep.

The Mormon missionaries, who entered Turkey some four years ago, though signally failing in their efforts among the different nationalities, I am sorry to say they had succeeded to draw after them two "Disciples," a man and his wife, from the church in Sevaz and two men from the church in Zarah; and I am informed that these newly made "latter-day-saints" are now getting ready to go to their "promised land" in the United States to save themselves from the "destruction by fire from heaven" that shall come upon this country and people.

We were glad to learn that Bro. Hagopian is on his way back to Turkey as a "missionary." He will find here plenty to do if he can stand the heat of the day and the chilling winds of the night; but we need many more to "come over and help us." We need strong and faithful men to come in the love of Christ and "feed" the lambs already brought in. It matters very little whether some take me to be an enthusiast or a fool, I feel that it is my duty to place the most pressing demands of the mission before the people of God, and I will repeat again and again that this field now needs at least ten more well-armed men to help us to establish the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ in this country. The poor struggling churches are anxiously looking to their brethren and sisters in the United States to give them the long expected and promised houses of worship. The hand of God is at work now in this open field. What we can now do with a few thousand dollars we may never be able to do afterwards with any amount of money or labor, for the opposing elements are hard at work to sear the awakened consciences of starving souls.

The year 1888 will soon be numbered among the past, but the happy recollections of the richest blessings of our Father in Heaven lavished upon us during the year; His guidance and protecting care over us on land and sea; our most pleasant and profitable meeting with our beloved brethren and sisters in the United States shall ever be a source of encouragement and consolation to us while we are striving to fight the good fight of faith, and with grateful hearts we pray to God that the year 1889 may be a happy and prosperous year for his beloved people and for all his faithful servants.

Yours in Hope,
G. N. SHISHMANIAN.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 6, 1888.

Action of the Foreign Society.

No words can fully or fitly express our sorrowful sense of the great and irreparable loss that has befallen us in this bereavement. Manifold were the relations, both private and public, of the great and good life of Isaac Errett. His presence and power in all these relations were ever so conspicuous and efficient, so earnest and serviceable, and withal so sincere and unselfish, that all who knew him in any relation in life must deeply mourn his death.

As members of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, it is especially our duty and privilege to recall the intimate and distinguished relations of our beloved brother to this Committee and Society, gratefully acknowledge his pre-eminent worth, and profess our inconsolable sense of irrecoverable loss. Of the Foreign Missionary Society and of its Executive Committtee he was the honored, efficient and faithful President from its organization till the day of his death. He was among the very first who recognized the urgent need of a distinctively Foreign Missionary Society to be controlled by our brotherhood; and to him as much, surely, as to any other one person, the organization and success of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society are due. Of his heart-warm devotion to the Society, and of his deep and abiding interest in its welfare, his willing consecration of his best energies of heart and mind, and his liberal contribution of his means, were ever the practical proof. His able counsel and his wise practical guidance as President of the Society and Executive Committee were always of the utmost value, and will be greatly missed.

While we are deeply grieved by the loss which we are made to suffer in the death of our President, we rejoice in his victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, and his entrance into the eternal inheritance of the saints. We shall find in his consecrated Christian life, which we are permitted to remember, an inspiration for still more faithful efforts on our part "to make disciples of all nations, and teach them to observe all things whatsoever Christ has commanded."

We tender to his family our sympathy, and commend them for consolation and comfort to our Divine Lord and risen redeemer.

Fallen, a holy man of God,
An Israelite indeed,
A standard bearer of the cross,
Mighty in word and deed;
A master spirit of the age,
A bright and burning light,
Whose beams across the firmament
Scattered the clouds of night!

Fallen, as sets the sun at eve,
To rise in splendor where
His kindred luminaries shine,
Their heaven of bliss to share!
Beyond the stormy battle-field
He reigns in triumph now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,
With glory on his brow.

S. M. JEFFERSON, Vice Pres.
J. H. HARDIN, Rec. Sec.

Action of the Home Society.

The life of Isaac Errett was so intimately and so strongly interwoven with all the enterprises of the Disciples of Christ that there is not a department of their work which has not suffered loss in his death. Very early in life he gave his heart to Christ. The plea of the Disciples for a return to New Testament Christianity, then in its beginning, became at once the guiding star of his laborious life. Richly endowed by nature, his gifts were improved by extraordinary diligence and consecrated, with a liberal and unselfish spirit, to a varied ministry of good. He became an acknowledged leader and a trusted counsellor in all the interests of the Church of Christ.

But, as members of the Acting Board of the General Christian Missionary Convention, we would especially recall his services in its behalf, and record our sense of loss in his death. His interest in its work extends, without interruption or change, from the struggles of its infancy to the very close of his life. From 1857 to 1860 he was its Corresponding Secretary, and traveled extensively in its interests. His burning zeal and eloquent advocacy of its work gave to it its first pronounced success and inaugurated the era of its subsequent achievements. There is a glow of light and warmth pervading the annual reports which he presented to the Society. They were full of encouragement and hope. His administration of the affairs of the Society was eminently successful. In 1874 he was elected President, and served the Society in that capacity until 1876. And, although since that time his official connection has been with the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, his interest in the work of the General Christian Missionary Convention suffered no abatement.

While we deeply feel the loss which has come to us in his death, we would, with profound gratitude, cherish the memory of his noble life and unselfish achievements; we would, in the midst of our sorrows, consecrate ourselves anew to the cause which united us in the sacred fellowship of gospel service. And, as we think of the loss which has come to this Society and to the Church of Christ, our hearts go out in tenderest sympathy to his family, and we pray that grace divine may be granted them to bear the great bereavement which has fallen upon them, and to sanctify the sorrow which burdens their hearts.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Board be directed to place this upon our records, to furnish a copy to our papers for publication, and to forward a copy to the family with assurance of our sympathy.

J. Z. TYLER,
H. MCDIARMID,
W. S. KEENE,
} Com.
For acting Board G. C. M. C.

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NORTH CAROLINA.

PROCEEDINGS UNION MEETING, HOOKERTON DISTRICT.

Hookerton District Union Meeting was held with the Church of Christ at Antioch, Pitt county, N. C., Saturday before fifuh Lord's-day in December. Bro. I. L. Chestnut was chosen moderator, and S. H. Bright, clerk. The roll was called and the following churches were found to be represented by delegates: Hookerton—J. A. Davis; Eden—Z. R. Taylor and S. L. Lynch; Antioch—John King and W. R. Parker; Corinth—A. J. Moye; Hebron—W. A. Newborne and R. A. Wooten. The other churches on the roll sent no delegates. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved. Brethren R. A. Wooten, W. R. Parker and J. A. Davis were appointed a committee on preaching, and reported as follows: We, your committee on preaching, appoint Bro. Gideon Allen to preach to-day and Bro. I. L. Chestnut to preach to-night. The report was adopted. Bro. Allen, however, excused himself from preaching to-day, whereupon Bro. A. J. Moye moved that we have a song and that Bro. Chestnut then preach for us to-day. The motion was carried. After the sermon a letter from Bro. N. B. Hood was read regarding the Dunn Mission, also his report as Treasurer. Motion by Bro. A. J. Moye that a committee on programme be appointed to select work for our next union meeting. Carried. Brethren John King, A. J. Moye and R. A. Wooten were appointed the committee. Motion by Bro. Moye that we adjourn until the sisters hold their meeting. Carried. Upon re-assembling the committee on programme submitted the following report:

1. Sermon.
2. Reading minutes of last meeting.
3. Calling roll of churches.
4. Appointing committee on programme.
5. Discussion of the question proposed at last meeting. The question for next meeting is, "Are our Union Meetings as interesting and profitable as they might be? If not, why not?" Opened by Bro. J. L. Winfield and followed by short speeches from the congregation at large.
6. Reports of committees.
7. Adjournment.

R. A. WOOTEN, JNO. KING, A. J. MOYE, } Com.

The report was adopted. Motion by Bro. Moye that we hold our next union meeting at Rountree's, Pitt county. Amended by Bro. Bynum, that we postpone naming our next place of meeting until to-morrow. The amendment was carried. Motion by Bro. Moye that $16.90, the money now in the hands of our Treasurer, E. A. Moye, together with what will be collected to-morrow, be sent to Bro. N. B. Hood to be used for the Dunn Mission. Carried.

SUNDAY *MORNING.*

The *minutes of* yesterday's meeting *were read* and approved. Motion by Bro. Allen that Bro. Alfred Nicols, of Red Oak Church, be received as a delegate. Carried. Bro. Moye's motion of yesterday regarding our next place of meeting was then taken up and it was agreed that it should be held at Rountree's. Bro. C. W. Howard was selected to preach the introductory sermon. Speeches were then made by brethren Latham, Chestnut, King, Allen and Moye. Motion by Bro. Parker that we adjourn. Carried. Amount of cash received $14.70. S. H. BRIGHT, Clerk.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Z. M. Silverthorn, $10; I. M. Hall, 10; James Grant, 2; Nathan Spencer, 1; C. S. Fletcher, 25 cents; H. B. Spencer, 1; B. W. Gibbs, 25 cents; A. B. Tunnell, 1; K. L. Gibbs, 50 cents; A. J. Gibbs, 2; R. S. Burrus, 50 cents; Ex. Pain, 50 cts.; J. M. Clayton, 50 cents; A. S. Gibbs, 50 cents; J. V. Swindell, 1; H. Fletcher, 25 cents; J. S. Northan, 5; W. H. Jones, 25 cents; Dr. C. Mann, 25 cents; J. P. C. Davis, 2.50; W. P. Burrus, 2.50; G. E. Roper, 50 cents; R. Mason, 1; Jane Selbey, 4.55; W. Surmons, 50 cts; J. D. Pugh, 2.

This is all paid out except $2.05 for ceiling and painting the inside of the church at Middleton. M. S. COX.

JONES AND ONSLOW UNION.

This union met at Union Chapel, Saturday before the fifth Lord's-day in December, 1888. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved. The roll of churches was then called and the collections handed in. South West, $1.20; Deep Spring, 35 cents; Haskin's Chapel, 1: Pleasant Hill, 1.77; Tuckahoe, 56 cts; Richlands, 1.30; Union Chapel, 1.28; Christian Prospect, 50 cents. Prospect, Duplin county, Woodington and Stony Branch not represented. Bro. Bowen reported that he had filled all his appointments at Prospect for this year and the Union is still due him two dollars for his services. The report was received. The treasurer reported on hand $5.46. The report was received. It was decided to drop Prospect until other arrangements can be made. The next Union will be held at Deep Spring, Jones county, commencing Saturday before the fifth Lord's-day in March. Bro. C. W. Howard was appointed to preach the introductory and Bro. J. R. Tingle his alternate. On motion, adjourned to time and place. Ordered that a copy of these proceedings be sent to the MISSIONARY WEEKLY for publication.

W. H. BANKS, Pres.
C. C. BROWN, Sec'y.

DECEMBER REPORT OF CORRESPONDING SECRETARY N. C. C. M. C.

Dec. 2, Geo. Grace, for State missions, 50 cts; Mrs. Mary J. Hood, for State missions, 50 cts; Miss Nannie Isler, for State missions, 50 cts; Edward Isler, for State missions, 50 cts; Dec. 12, Miles Sawyer, 50 cts; Wm. Hopkins, 1; Dec. 13, A. J. Loftin, 5; Dec. 18, D. F. Smith, 1; Mrs. Nettie Smith, 1; J. B. Jones, 1; Mrs. Jennett Jones, 1; M. T. Taylor, 1; Mrs. S. J. Taylor, 1; Gray Webber, 50 cents; John Vaughan, 1; E. F. Smith, 1; A. Taylor, 1; S. L. Lynch, 1; Mrs. Vicy Taylor, 50 cts; Miss Emma Jones, 1; J. A. Frazier, 2; Dec. 20, A. E. Fausm, 50 cts; J. J. Kiger, 50 cts; E. P. Pfoff, 50 cts; R. B. Flyat, 50 cts; Alex. Fausm, 1; Ada Pfoff, 1; Kate Jones, 1; M. A. Wilson, 1; Sallie Pfoff, 50 cts; Amanda Flyat, 50 cts; Dec. 25, B. F. Stonstreet, 50 cts; William Rove, 50 cts; P. Roberts, 50 cts; J. M. Roberts, 50 cts; Mary Keerfers, 50 cts; M. C. Rove, 50 cts; J. P. Burton, L. D. Bryant, 50 cts; E. W. Murrill, 50; Richland Sunday-school, 1.65; Pantego, for foreign missions, 4. Total, $39.65. For registering letter from Pfoffton church, twelve cents; forwarded E. A. Moye, Treasurer, Jan. 2, 1889, $39.53.

Brethren, remember that the pledges for 1888 are now due, and some churches have not paid anything yet and many others only a part. I have sent out the delinquent pledges for collection, but to some of them I have had no reply. I cannot visit everyone in person, but a pleasant reminder should be sufficient, so I hope to hear from all soon, and have a much larger collection in January. This is the new year and let all begin with the year to pay the pledges they made. Forward all money in registered letters, postoffice orders, etc., to J. R. Tingle, Corresponding Secretary.

According to the resolutions of our last Convention I call upon all the churches in this State to take up a collection in February, 1889, for the education of young ministers. Begin with the first Lord's-day and continue as each church may have services through the month. The second Lord's-day in June is the time appointed for church extension. Any church not having preaching that day may do so on any Sunday in the month. J. R. TINGLE, Cor. Sec'y.

WEST VIRCINIA.

To the Brethren of New River District.

DEAR BRETHREN:—

As we pray for the enlargement of the borders of Zion, let us remember *that* our sincerity will be *determined* by the zeal we manifest *toward* this very desirable *object*. He to whom our petitions *are* made knows that we have the means at our disposal for accomplishing what we ask of Him, and we need not expect an answer until in faith we recognize in an abundance of worldly possessions God's willingness already expressed and use them to the extension of His kingdom and the glory of His name. Of some three hundred who have been added to the church since I became your evangelist, together with those who have been added through the labors of others, we can count only one new organization. One other has been formed, but so completely at the expense of an older congregation, that it has ceased to exist as a church. Only four churches have ever pledged more toward the support of the evangelist than compensated him for the time spent in their own communities, while several have been pensioners on the bounty of their more benevolent brethren; and yet, there are not three congregations in the district which cannot easily raise one hundred dollars, and not one that is not able to raise as much as twenty-five. How many churches pay into the Lord's treasury, all expenses considered, as much as they do into Cæsar's? Can not every Disciple pay at least one-half as much toward the spread of the gospel? There are five points where we have no congregations at present, all of which, I think, give promise of a harvest of souls and of the early establishment of permanent organizations if they can have the attention which their importance demands. I refer to Radford, Allisonia, Mt. Tabor, Crockett's Depot, and a point near the edge of Floyd county where Bro. P. S. Parish is now teaching school. We have a few members at all of these places, and at Radford and Crockett's there is a manifest determination to live if possible. But the brethren are not able to defray the expenses the necessary amount of work would incur, hence they are compelled to wait while the denominations are industriously building up all around them. The question now staring us in the face is: Shall we remain satisfied with present attainments and look on with indifference while error lifts its head and boldly pushes to the front and occupies what, otherwise, would become our own domain? Besides the points referred to as demanding special attention, there are many others where, as a people, we are unknown—enough to keep several evangelists busy all their time. I think it will be no exaggeration to affirm that there are thousands of responsible people in New River District who never heard our plea or saw a person baptized. I write these things, brethren, if haply I may touch your chord of benevolence in behalf of those whose souls are hungering for the bread of life and who have claims upon you which you cannot afford to disregard. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

E. C. STARK.

INDIAN MILLS, Dec. 18th, 1888.—It has been quite a while since I reported anything for the paper; lest my silence be constrained as indifference, I will say that I have been steadily at work. I preach monthly for four churches, viz: Little Stony Creek and Clover Hollow, Giles county, Va.; Falls Mills, Tazewell, and Indian Mills, Summers county. One addition at Falls Mills, one at Stony Creek, three at Clover Hollow and four at Indian Mills; nine in all. The MISSIONARY makes its visits regularly and is popular with its readers generally. But you will allow me the privilege of saying that something more of "first principles" would be an improvement.

P. B. BABER.

COLD STREAM, Dec. 24, 1888.—I filled my regular appointment at Johnsontown on the second Lord's-day in this month. On Sunday evening Bro. Gosnell on the behalf of the Christian Woman's Auxiliary Society, in a few well chosen and timely remarks presented to the writer a handsome watch. We tried to stammer our thanks; but, well, we will not tell it all this time. But we are wearing the watch in grateful remembrance of the donors. On Tuesday night following I preached at Salem, a very promising mission point, and we hope to accomplish some good there this year. Thursday night I preached at Bloomery; at Zion on the third Lord's-day, and on Tuesday night I went to McCawley's School-house and preached a few times. We have a few good and substantial members at this place. Yesterday I filled my regular appointments at Ebenezer and Rock Enon. At my next regular appointment I expect to protract a meeting at the former place and set in order the things that are wanting. The need of this district is the development of the churches. There are about three hundred and seventy-five members in this district and if properly developed they would be a great power for good. Our aim has been to put the churches *in* better working order. *We* ought to have more *preachers* in this district, and we *hope* to be able before long to induce some of the young men of talent to enter the ministry. JACOB WALTERS.

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RICHMOND PRICES CURRENT

CORRECTED BY

SUBLETT & CARY, *COMMISSION MERCHANTS,* 113 S. 12th St.

RICHMOND, VA., JAN. 10, 1889.

Comments for the Week.

TOBACCO.—Market extremely *dull* and *low*.

WHEAT.—Demand fairly good at quotations.

CORN.—Market dull.

DARK TOBACCO—NEW.

Primings	nominal.
Lugs, Common	2 00 to 3 00
" Good	3 50 to 4 00
" Fine	4 00 to 4 50
Short Leaf, Common to Good	4 50 to 5 00
" " Good to Fine	5 00 to 6 00
Long Leaf, Common to Good	5 00 to 7 00
" " Good to Fine	7 00 to 11 00
Selections	12 00 to 13 00

BRIGHT TOBACCO—MANUFACTURING.

Smokers—Common	5 00 to 7 00
Medium	8 00 to 10 00
Fine	12 00 to 15 00
Cutters—Common	12 00 to 14 00
Medium	20 00 to 28 00
Fine	25 00 to 27 00
Fancy	28 00 to 35 00
Fillers—Common	3 50 to 5 00
Medium	5 50 to 7 00
Good	10 00 to 11 00
Fine	12 50 to 15 00
Wrappers—Common	12 00 to 15 00
Medium	20 00 to 25 00
Good	30 00 to 40 00
Fine	40 00 to 47 50
Fancy	50 00 to 70 00
Wrappers, Mahogany—Common	13 00 to 17 50
Medium	17 50 to 22 50
Good	25 00 to 35 00
Fine	37 50 to 42 50
Fancy	45 00 to 50 00

WHEAT.

No. 1 Longberry Red	1 08 to 1 09
" 2 "	1 06 to 1 07
" 1 Shortberry Red	1 06 to
" 2 Red	1 02 to 1 05
" 3 "	1 00 to 1 02
" 1 Mixed	1 08 to
Steamer	90 to 1 00
Rejected or damp	75 to 90

CORN.

No. 1 White Va.	40 to 42
" 2 "	40 to 41
" 2 Mixed	40 to
Steamer White	35 to 40
Steamer Mixed	35 to 40
Rejected	25 to 35

NEW OATS.

Winter Oats	50 to 52
No. 2 White	33 to 34
" 1 Mixed	to 32
Rejected	29 to 30
Rye	60 to 63

HAY.

HAY—No. 1 Timothy baled	16 00 to 16 50
" 2 Timothy	15 00 to 15 50
Mixed	12 00 to 14 00
Va. Clover	10 to 12
SHUCKS—baled	55 to 60
OATS—Baled, per 100 pounds	55 to 60
STRAW—Compressed, 100 pounds	40 to 42½
Loose pressed, large bales	40 to 45

FLOUR.

Family	4 75 to 5 00
do Fancy	5 50 to 6 00
do Patent	6 50 to 6 75
Choice Ext	4 00 to 4 25
Superfine do	3 00 to 3 25
CORN MEAL—Country, bolted	65 to
City	67 to 70
MILL OFFAL—Bulk, Ship Stuff, per ton	21 00 to 22 00
Brown Stuff, "	21 00 to 22 00
Bran, "	21 00 to 22 00

CORRECTED BY

T. R. WYLES & CO., PRODUCE *COMMISSION MERCHANTS,* 1305 Cary Street.

BUTTER.

Va. Creamery, fresh	22 to 25
Family Packed, fresh, per lb	20 to 22
Store Packed, extra "	18 to 20
" " fair to good, "	15 to 18
" " common, "	11 to 12

EGGS.

In Crates, fresh near by	to 18
In Crates, frest	17 to 18
In Barrels, fresh	16 to 18

DRESSED POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys, live, per gross	9 to 10
Turkeys, dressed, choice, per lb	12 to 13
" " fair "	11 to 12
Chickens, dressed, choice, "	10 to 12
Ducks, " " "	12 to 13
Pheasants, each	25 to 35
Partridges, "	10 to 12½
Rabbits, Tenn. best	12 to 16
" N. C. "	10 to 12
Deer, whole, per lb	6 to 8
Venison, per lb	14 to 15

FLORIDA ORANGES.

Fla. Oranges, Fancy Bright	2 25 to 2 50
Bright Extra	2 00 to 2 25
Bronze	2 00 to 2 25
Russetts "	2 00 to 2 25

DRIED FRUIT.

Peaches, N. C., peeled, fancy, lb	8 to 10
" " " bright, "	7 to 8
" unpeeled "	3 to 4
Apples, N. C. bright, sliced, "	4 to 5
" quarters, "	3 to 4
Cherries, new, well dried, lb	12 to 12½
Blackberries, " " "	4 to 5
Huckleberries, " " "	6 to 7
Raspberries	15 to 18

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, per bbl., best	1 25 to 1 50
" Rose, car-load, bulk bus.	45 to 50
" Burbank, " "	45 to 50
" Peerless, " "	45 to 50
" Country, " "	40 to 50
Apples—Pippin, Albemarle, No. 1	3 50 to 4 00
" " No. 2	1 25 to 1 50
" Winesap, Virginia	2 25 to 2 50
" Bell Flower	2 25 to 2 50
" O. Rome Beauty red	1 50 to 1 75
" " " dark No. 1	1 25 to 1 50
Ben Davis, per bbl. "	1 50 to 2 00
Smith Cider, "	1 50 to 1 75
Onions—Yellow, per bbl	1 10 to 1 25
" Red, "	1 25 to
" " per bus	40 to 50
Cabbage, per bbl	75 to 1 25
" per 100	2 50 to 3 00
Celery—per bunch	20 to 25

BEANS AND PEAS.

Beans—Choice Navy, per bus	2 00 to 2 25
Choice, White, per bus	1 75 to 2 00
Mixed, White per bus	1 50 to 1 75
Peas—Blackeyed, per bus	1 50 to 1 75

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hams—Va., small, per lb	13 to 15
Va., large, per lb	12 to 13
Spare Rib, per lb	6 to 7
Chine per lb	6 to 7
Sausage, Country, per lb	8 to 10
Buckwheat, per lb	3½ to 4
Flaxseed, per lb	1 05 to 1 10
Sheep, per lb	2½ to 5
Calves per head	2 50 to 9 00
Beef Cattle, gross	1½ to 4½
Hides, Dry Flint	9 to 10
" Salted	7 to 8
Feathers, Live Goose	35 to 40
Angelica Root, per lb	6 to
Seneca Root	25 to 30
Ginseng Root	1 65 to 1 75
Beeswax	19 to 20
Lard, country, per lb	10 to 11